

For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 2s. 6d. or 1s. 2s. the year. To other Countries, the postage in addition.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.
THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for the DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS is appointed to commence on MONDAY, the 26th of OCTOBER.
Certificates must be sent to the Registrar fourteen days previously.
Somerset House, August 19, 1846.
By order of the Senate,
R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

CHEMICAL RESEARCH.—INSTRUCTION IN ANALYSIS.—Gentlemen desirous of engaging in Chemical Investigation, or of obtaining INSTRUCTION in ELEMENTARY ANALYSIS, will find every facility in the new Laboratory recently erected by the Council of this College for practical instruction in Organic and General Chemistry, and the principles of Chemical Research as applied more particularly to Agriculture, Medicine, and the Manufacturing Arts, under the superintendence of Mr. GRAHAM, Professor of Chemistry, and Mr. FOWNE, Professor of Practical Chemistry.
The Laboratory is open daily from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it is closed at 1 o'clock, from the 1st of October to the end of July.
Students occupy themselves with pursuits of their own choice if mentioned by the Professors, by whom they are assisted with free-instruction and advice.
Fees—session, 2nd. 5s.; six months, 18s. 18s.; three months, 10s. 10s.; one month, 5s. 5s.
Course on General Chemistry.—Professor Graham's Lectures are daily, except Saturday, from 10th October to 15th April, at 11 a.m. For perpetual admission, 5s.; for term, 6s.; but temporary admission, 1s. 1s. 1s.
A Prospectus, with full details, may be had at the Office of the College.

C. J. B. WILLIAMS, M.D. Dean of Faculty of Medicine.
HENRY MALDEN, A.M. Dean of Faculty of Arts.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
University College, London, August 20, 1846.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—JUNIOR SCHOOL.—Under the Government of the Council of the College.

Head Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, A.M.
The SCHOOL will OPEN on Tuesday, the 22nd of September. The Session is divided in three Terms, viz. :—from 22nd September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 4th August.
The yearly payment for each Pupil is 15s., of which 5s. are paid in advance in each term. The hours of attendance are from quarter-past 9 to three-quarters past 3. The afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to drawing.
The subjects taught are Reading, Writing, the English, Latin, Greek, French, and German Languages, Ancient and English History, Geography, both physical and political, Arithmetic and Book-keeping, the Elements of Mathematics and of Natural Philosophy, and Drawing.
Any Pupil may omit Greek, or Greek and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of education.
There is a general examination of the Pupils at the end of the Session, and the prizes are then awarded.
The discipline of the school is maintained without corporal punishment.
A monthly report of the conduct of each Pupil is sent to his parent or guardian.
Several of the Masters receive boarders.
Further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine commence on the 1st of October, those of the Faculty of Arts on the 10th October.—August, 1846.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.
THE SIXTEENTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE will commence in SOUTHAMPTON, on THURSDAY MORNING, the 10th of SEPTEMBER.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer.
2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London.

HEAD MASTER WANTED.—The Committee of the BIRMINGHAM AND EDGBASTON PROPRIETARY SCHOOL will require a Gentleman in the above capacity, after the next Christmas vacation, to succeed Dr. Ryall, who, for the last eight years, has held the situation, and who now relinquishes it in consequence of his appointment to the office of Vice President of the Government College at Cork.
Applications, with Testimonials, are required to be delivered before the 5th day of September. The Salary and other particulars may be known by applying to W. H. Partridge, Esq., the Honorary Secretary, Newhall-street, Birmingham.

CLERGYMAN, who prepares three Pupils for the Public Schools, has at present ONE VACANCY, and will shortly have a Second. He resides in a pleasant part of the country, within an hour's ride (by Rail) of London. The highest reference can be given to parents whose children have been under his care.—Address, Rev. S. B., to the care of Messrs. J. W. Parker, West Strand, London.

DANNEKER'S ARIADNE.—Mr. TENNANT (late Mawel), 149, Strand, London, has just received several small copies of this favourite STATUE, together with a new and elegant assortment of ornaments for the Drawing-room, Library, and Dining-room, in Italian Marble, Marble, Bronze, Porcelain, &c., consisting of Vases, Figures, Groups, Candlesticks, Inkstands, beautiful Inlaid Tables, Paper-weights, Watch-stands, &c.

THE JOURNALS OF THE FINE ARTS ON PHOTOGRAPHY.—A Daguerreotype Portrait that could truly be pronounced a flattering likeness was certainly never expected to see; that phenomenon, however, was presented to us on recently visiting the establishment of Mr. Claudet.—*Athenaeum*, July 4.
We confess we had no idea of the possibility of producing anything so artistic and elegant as a metal plate.—*Art-Union*, July 1.
Mr. Claudet's productions approach more nearly to the highly-finished miniature than anything we have yet seen.—*Literary Gazette*, July 1.

CLAUDET'S DAGUERRETYPE PORTRAITS.—Lately so much eulogized by the leading papers, and particularly by the *Journal of the Fine Arts*, and the *Illustrated London News*, and other organs of the day, are the most exquisite miniatures. Mr. Claudet operates himself, never allows an inferior portrait to leave his establishment, and he has the attendance of a respectable female. Open from 10 o'clock—15, King William-street, near the Adelphi Gallery.

TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—The Advertiser, who has had considerable experience, is open to an ENGAGEMENT as READER and REPORTER.—Address, R. M., care of Messrs. Vick & Smith, Chemists, Gloucester.

REMOVAL.—Dr. CULVERWELL has REMOVED to 10, ARGYLE-PLACE, REGENT-STREET.
Just published,
WILLIAMS & NORGATE'S GERMAN CATALOGUE, complete, with Index.
1. Theology. 2. Greek and Latin Classics. 3. German Literature, and Belles Lettres. 4. Middle Age Literature; Philology. 5. Oriental Books. 6. Scientific Books. 7. Works on the Fine Arts. 8. Jurisprudence, &c.

*Any of the above may be had separately.
Also, just published,
GERMAN BOOK CIRCULAR, No. 12.
WILLIAMS & NORGATE, German Booksellers, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

TO AUTHORS.—THE PUBLISHING SEASON.—November and December are considered the best months for the production of New Publications. No time should therefore be lost by Authors wishing to avail themselves of the approaching season, in making their arrangements.—*Bell's Messenger* says, "We recommend the Author's Hand Book as a good guide for Ladies and Gentlemen intending to publish. It is most elegantly printed and embellished, and contains a list of prices for printing, paper, binding, &c."—A New Edition of "The Author's Hand Book," price 1s. 6d., or by post, 2s. 2d., is just published by E. CUTHBERT, 30, Holles-street.

TO ADVERTISERS.—DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, owing to the number required, is obliged to be put to press for the first time on Friday morning, and consequently Advertisements cannot be inserted, so as to circulate in the whole of the impression, unless received before Six o'clock on the Thursday Evening.
Office, 165, Strand.

D'AUBIGNÉ'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

We have seen with surprise, in several Newspapers, an Advertisement issued by Messrs. BLACKIE & SON, and Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS, in reference to an arrangement by which we permitted them to print and publish the Fourth Volume of D'AUBIGNÉ'S HISTORY.
The complaint made is, that in negotiating with them, we did not communicate the fact that we had made arrangements for the disposal of at least 20,000 copies of the four volumes of the Work.
In reply we have to state, that no inquiries were made by either party to the number of copies sold, or the mode of effecting sales; but in order to show that we conveyed to these Gentlemen simply the right to print and publish the Work, and that we most carefully reserved to ourselves the power of disposing of our own copies in whatever manner we thought fit, the following euphuistic clauses were inserted in our agreement:

"That you (Messrs. Blackie and Collins) shall neither announce the volume directly nor indirectly, nor publish it, till the sixth day of August next."
"That we (Oliver and Boyd) reserve right to issue the volume ourselves in any edition or size, and at any price we may deem advisable; and that we be entitled to give such right to any other person or persons we may desire."
"That you shall not have any claim upon us for repayment of the advanced sum of 17s., or any portion thereof, under any circumstances whatever."
"That 'liberty to print and publish as aforesaid' is to be in full compensation for the sum advanced."

In regard to the Association for the wider Circulation of the Work, it is of importance to observe, that it was organized at a time when the purchase from us of 20,000 copies seemed to be the only mode of effecting the wider Circulation of the Work, and a widely circulating book of which the Committee highly approved; and every unbiased mind must admit the object to be one which reflected much honour upon its disinterested projectors. In consequence, however, of its having been considered injurious to the interest of the Booksellers that such a number of copies should be issued in the manner proposed, arrangements have now been completed for the relinquishment of the plan.
Edinburgh, 13th August, 1846. OLIVER & BOYD.

Sales by Auction.
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, VALUABLE STANDARD WORKS IN QUIRES, CURIOUS MANUSCRIPTS, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, ENGRAVINGS, &c.
Messrs. S. LEIGH SOBEY & CO. Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works illustrated by the Arts, will SELL by AUCTION, at 105, New Bond-street, on TUESDAY, August 26th, 1846, and two following days, at 1 o'clock precisely.

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF BOOKS, including Valuable Standard Works in Quires, also some curious Manuscripts and Autograph Letters, Engravings, Books of Prints, Copper Plates, &c., the Property of a Bankrupt, which, by order of the Assignees, may be viewed on the Monday prior, and Catalogues may be obtained on application to Messrs. ASHMOKE, Frederick-place, Old Jewry; Messrs. Sothey & Co. Wellington-street, Strand; and at the place of Sale.

TO PROFESSORS OF GEOLOGY, MINERALOGY, LECTURERS, and others.—The interesting COLLECTION of SPECIMENS illustrating the above sciences, valuable LIBRARY, DRAWINGS, PRINTS, and other EFFECTS of the late THOMAS WEBSTER, Esq. F.G.S. &c., Professor of Geology to the London University, will be sold by AUCTION, at their Great Room, Saville-row, on WEDNESDAY, August 26th, by order of the Administrator on behalf of the Crown.

THE VALUABLE AND INTERESTING COLLECTION OF GEOLOGICAL AND MINERALOGICAL SPECIMENS, formed and arranged by the late Mr. Webster at a very great expense; also a Library of about 1,000 Volumes, including the Works of many eminent Writers on Natural History in general, Works, and Lectures, and a quantity of many of the Water-colour Drawings and Sketches by himself and others; and Miscellaneous Effects.
To be viewed two days previous to the Sale, and Catalogues had at the Room, and in the City, at the Offices of the Auctioneers, 19, Change-alley, Cornhill.

THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BRIGHTON.
MR. JOSEPH ELLIS is desirous of making known that the above-named Hotel has undergone an entire repair and re-organization. In regulating it he has been guided by the experience gained in association with his Father, at the Star and Garter, Richmond Hill, and he hopes to have been so far successful as to have rendered it worthy of patronage. The Hotel not being widely nor favourably known, Mr. Ellis begs respectfully to point out some of the advantages by which it is peculiarly distinguished. Of these the leading feature is in the plan of its construction, which affords to a degree perhaps unequalled the convenience of separateness to the several Families or Gentlemen who may occupy it at the same time;—an advantage gained by means of distinct entrances, spacious vestibule, three staircases (the chief of which has two ways from every landing, with of passages, and the compact arrangement of rooms on suite. Mr. Ellis has studied to turn to the best account these capabilities for comfort, adding thereto what was wanting for completeness in several important particulars. Of the latter he may mention a Sea-water Service in the Hotel, fresh every tide, connected with the bath; and a commodious well-appointed Coffee-room. Mr. Ellis further begs to assure his guests that he will endeavour to give them the most attentive and of uniform moderation of charges. There are suites of apartments on the ground floor, and others having private entrance, also, contiguous. Billiard Rooms and a Tennis Court. The Hotel is most elegantly situated near to and facing the sea, on the West Cliff.

RETURN TICKETS.—GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—On and after the 1st of September, 1846, RETURN TICKETS on this Railway will be available as follows: For a distance not exceeding 50 miles, on the same day they are issued, except on Saturday. A Ticket taken on that day, being available for the return journey on Monday.
Not exceeding 100 miles, on the same day they are issued, or the next (Sunday not being counted).
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COFFEE AS IN FRANCE.—It is a fact beyond dispute, that in order to obtain really fine Coffee, there must be a combination of the various kinds; and to produce strength and flavour, certain proportions should be mixed according to their different qualities. We are now able to give you become celebrated for our delicious Coffee at 1s. 6d., which is the astonishment and delight of all who have tasted it, being the product of four countries, selected and mixed by our peculiar to our establishment, in proportions not known to any other house.

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The rapid and still increasing demand for this Coffee has caused great excitement in the trade, and several unprincipled houses have copied our papers, and profess to sell a similar article. We, therefore, think it right to CAUTION the public, and to state that our superior mixture of four countries is a discovery of our own, and that the proportions are not known, nor can it be had at any other house. In future we shall distinguish it from all others as,
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REVIEWS

Historical Illustrations of the Art of Pottery—[Traité des Arts Céramiques]. By Alexandre Brongniart. Paris, Bechet; London, Dulau.

THERE is no branch of manufactures which, in its history, theory, modes of work, and applications to the practical purposes of life, offers a wider field of inquiry than the Fictile. To it belongs the most ancient mechanical invention which marks the first essays of human ingenuity;—an invention faithfully preserved through all the changes and chances of progressive civilization without alteration of principle, and with very few modifications of its mechanical operations. The potter's wheel, as depicted on the Egyptian monuments and described by the Hebrew prophets, is essentially the piece of mechanism now used in the counties of Worcester and Stafford. Could the memory of one of the workmen of the Pharaohs be re-animated, he would have every fair chance of receiving employment in Stoke or Hanley. Unlike most other branches of productive industry, this art has received countless additions, but undergone no essential alterations. It resembles the palace which oriental tradition ascribes to Jenghiz Khan:—the original hut in which the conqueror first saw light was preserved in the centre; while the radiating edifices displayed progressive and increasing magnificence, until they almost realized the fables of the Arabian Nights. The structure was at once the monument and the chronology of his triumphs.

Few men were so well calculated to write the history of the Fictile Art as Brongniart. His enthusiasm for the subject amounted to a passion; his situation, as Director of the Royal Manufactory at Sèvres, gave him rare opportunities of analysis and experiment, with which no private inquiries could compete; and the Museum of Potteries and Porcelain, mainly indebted to him for its collection and arrangement, supplied sources of illustration such as could not be obtained in any other part of the world. This great collection has not less historical and philosophic importance than value as illustrative of Art. Pottery affords no inadequate standard to measure the progressive civilization of past ages and the comparative social condition of existing races. Associated with the development of taste in design on one side, and with the progress of chemistry, metallurgy, and physical discovery, on the other, fictile products enable us to estimate the advances that have been made in Art or Science by any age or nation. Curious illustrations of manners and customs, and of religious belief, are found on the ornaments with which most nations have adorned their vessels of earthenware; and not a few records have been preserved on the artificial substitutes for stone which the workers in clay have furnished to builders.

Although the productions of the Fictile Art are very numerous and varied, they may be conveniently divided into three classes:—1st. Terra-Cotta, called by Brongniart *Plastics*,—under which are classed all figures and ornaments of clay, formed either by the hand or by moulds; 2nd. Utensils, including all articles for public or domestic purposes not intended to contain liquids; and, 3rd. Vases,—that is, all vessels of capacity, but chiefly those destined to hold liquids. The classification is not very accurate, and the terminology is rather unscientific;—but both may be taken as sufficiently accurate for practical purposes.

The materials of the plastic art are found on the surface of the soil:—a little water serves to

make them sufficiently yielding for the reception of form, and a little heat gives them sufficient hardness to preserve their shape. Hence, we find children in sport developing their productive and imitative powers by producing rude works in soft clay;—hence, too, we find abundant traces of the art in the infancy of almost every nation. Dibutades, of Corinth, is said to have been the first who raised the Plastic Art to the same level as sculpture. According to Pliny, his productions became popular in consequence of his using colour; but it is not certain whether he mixed his colours with the clay or only applied them to the surface. In Egypt, however, images of indurated clay were common before Corinth itself was founded. Specimens of these abound in our museums; and they are generally remarkable for a lustrous surface,—produced either by a very thin glaze or, as we rather believe, by mechanical polish. The execution is generally coarse; but we have seen some signets or armlets in which the figures were very carefully elaborated. We know of no Egyptian specimen of plastic statuary, properly so called:—and probably this is the real invention claimed by Dibutades.

But the plastic art was not applied to statues alone by the Greeks and the civilized races of Italy. Our antiquarian collections exhibit multitudinous specimens of cornices, entablatures and tombs formed of terra-cotta, ornamented with sculptures and bas-reliefs, admirably designed and skilfully executed. Such tombs are very numerous in the Etrurian provinces; where Varro assures us that they were manufactured from the most remote antiquity. The ancient fictile statues which we possess are generally small; but Pliny mentions several figures the size of life,—particularly that of Jupiter, which was deemed worthy of a place in the Capitol, and a Hercules, called "the Fictile" from the materials of which it was composed. Most of the fictile statues known are preserved in the Royal Museum at Naples;—but a Bacchanal, of exquisite workmanship, was discovered at Rome, in 1829,—and is now in the Vatican.

The application of the plastic art to statuary and architectural ornament was interrupted by the invasions of the barbarians; and was not revived until the thirteenth century,—when Nicolo d'Arezzo produced several fine statues of terra-cotta, and particularly one of St. Antony, which is in the church of that saint at Arezzo. The artists who employed this material were chiefly Italians and Spaniards; but some fine works, executed by Germain Pilon, in 1588, are preserved in the great museum of French monuments. At the present time, great exertions are made to revive this art in France. Several specimens were displayed at the late Exposition in Paris; and allegorical figures similarly wrought are among the principal ornaments recently added to the Hôtel de Ville. The most celebrated modern artists in terra-cotta are the Messrs. Vizebent, of Toulouse; who have supplied sculpture and other ornaments to decorate the public buildings of that town and the principal places in the neighbourhood.

The difficulties in the application of terra-cotta to architectural purposes are mechanical and economic rather than artistic. It is difficult to preserve the harmony of the proportions and exactness of the forms in the process of firing; and if none but the finest clays were used, the cost would be little inferior to that of marble. The Messrs. Vizebent have only a thin crust of the finest clay on the surface of their productions,—the interior being composed of coarser and cheaper materials. Now, the difficulty which they have to overcome is, to keep exact harmony between the shrinking of the

crust and of the inside during the process of firing, or desiccation,—so as to prevent the separation of the layers or the fracture of the surface. In all the specimens which we have seen this had been successfully accomplished;—but we found reason to believe that the producers failed much more frequently than they were willing to acknowledge.

A greater defect in terra-cottas is their incapacity to resist the continued action of the atmosphere. Most of our readers have probably seen the copy of the monument of Lysicles, commonly called the Lantern of Diogenes, erected in the park of St. Cloud. This, the largest plastic production of modern times, was executed by the Brother Tribucci, after the designs of Molinos. The body of the material appeared to us as close-grained and well-burned as any of the ancient specimens of terra-cotta; but though it was placed in its present position only in 1808, it is already crumbling into decay. We differ, very reluctantly, from Brongniart,—but we are convinced that terra-cottas will not bear exposure, and that their use should, therefore, be confined to internal decorations.

In the second class of fictile productions—Utensils—the objects that seem to claim primary attention are, bricks, tiles, tubes or pipes, &c.: but these involve so many curious and interesting questions, that we reserve them for future consideration,—and turn at once to vessels of capacity, which, whether used for dry substances or liquids, are, in France and England, known by the common name of pottery.

Among the Hebrews, the potter was called "the creator," or "the giver of form" (צור). The Latins, like the Hebrews, named the potter from his formative power (*figulus*, from *figere*, "to form"); the modern term "pottery" is obviously derived from *potum*, "drink." Now, it is curious to find, in reference to this etymology, that the most ancient pieces of pottery are permeable to fluids; and, consequently, that the domestic and culinary purposes to which we apply pottery and earthenware are precisely those to which these products were least applicable in ancient times.

Among the most curious products of the Fictile Art are the enormous jars and crocks, fabricated generally without the aid of the wheel,—the use of which goes many centuries farther back than the Christian era; and, though the specimens of these are not very numerous in museums, yet they are to be found, both of ancient and modern date, in Southern Europe, Asia, Africa, Mexico and South America. The tub of Diogenes was in reality one of these immense crocks,—as we learn from Lucian's description; and there are several in the Museum at Sèvres which might serve as a habitation for the Cynic. They are used for storing grain, fruit, &c.,—and also for holding oil, which does not percolate through the pores so easily as water. In Brazil, and some other parts of America, these crocks were used instead of coffins. The body was forced into the crock in a sitting posture, after having undergone some preparation to arrest the process of decay. We have no direct evidence that this mode of burial was ever adopted by the Greeks; but there are some indications of its having been used in their more remote times,—until the burning of the body and the preservation of the ashes in a cinerary urn were adopted as the more economic process. In Italy, the interior of these crocks is glazed when they are designed to contain oil or wine. It is not certain that this process was applied to the Roman *amphoræ*: but in Spain they saturate these crocks with water, and sometimes with oil,—which is said to render them impermeable, even after the water has

evaporated. The sides of the Spanish crocks or jars are, indeed, so very thick, that, when once they have been thoroughly saturated, it would take a long time to effect their complete desiccation. Dr. Percy informs us that, in the royal cellars at Cortejo, near Aranjuez, he saw jars or crocks four yards high, two yards wide, and about an inch and a half in thickness.

In all nations, the earliest products of earthenware may be described as coarse in texture—*tender*, that is, easily scratched, and very brittle. The latter quality is not, however, invariable. A very marked difference is observable in the polish of the surfaces. We may here mention, that the classification of the Museum at Sèvres is both geographical and chronological; and that many of the observations which we shall have to make must be referred to its arrangements.—The first group to which attention is directed is that of the Etruscan and Italo-Grecian vases. Means were found of giving polish and lustre to these many centuries before glazing was invented. The unpolished surfaces are the fewer in number; but we greatly doubt the accuracy of Brongniart's assertion that they are the more antique. In most examples, it appeared to us that the absence of lustre or polish was a voluntary omission; and we believe that instances could be shown where its omission was obviously designed to increase effect. The earliest of the Etruscan vases are entirely red or entirely black, without colour or ornament: the ansation, or system of handles, was so clearly derived from the human form, that hands and arms were sometimes directly introduced, and on cinerary urns the cover was frequently a bust of the deceased. In one singular urn we found that the head, neck and arms were moveable on brass pivots; and that spiracles were worked through the handles, to prevent the accumulation of unpleasant odours in the urn. The Etrurian, Italo-Grecian and Egyptian vases present the most striking evidence of a common type; and in the most artistic of these productions the archetype has manifestly been the bust of a beautiful female. The Etrurians actually reproduce this model,—but the Egyptians recede from it widely. From examination and comparison, it seems pretty evident that the adoption of the human bust as a type was suggested by the perception of resemblance between vases and the human figure,—and that few of the earlier potters had this archetype in their mind. Like every other art, Pottery must have greatly advanced before efforts were made to combine beauty with utility; and it is quite in accordance with recorded experience, that the first advance in artistic decoration should be founded on natural resemblances. Micali founds his theory of the originality of Etrurian Art on the adoption of the female figure as a type by the Etrurian potters. We do not think the argument conclusive. When the ashes were preserved instead of the body, and the cinerary urn substituted for the mummy coffin,—a difference of custom as explicable from differences of climate and circumstance as from difference of race,—we find that the cover of the urn was fashioned to a likeness of the deceased,—as was also the cover of the Egyptian coffin. Thus, also, the cat-mummies, some of which were made of earthenware, had the cover or top fashioned into a rude representation of the head of the animal. But too much stress must not be laid upon this point of similarity. The ancient vases found in Chili and Peru have the top and neck frequently formed into rude imitations of the human shape;—so, also, have several of the Mexican jugs and cups in the Sèvres collection. Indeed, the similarity between the Greek and Peruvian vases is not confined to general outline, but extends to minute details

of ornamentation,—the wavy lines, the friezes, and even the truncated shafts, which have been usually regarded as the distinctive marks of Grecian Art. It will surprise those who love to trace these coincidences, to compare D'Orbigny's 'Atlas of Peruvian Antiquities,' from Plate XV. to XXI., with the specimens of Greek decoration in 'Le Musée Céramique,' Plate XVIII.; and, at the same time, we recommend attention to the contrast between the rudeness of the Peruvian sculptures and the artistic excellence of their terra-cottas and vases.

The many interesting questions connected with the Etrurian vases need not be discussed now;—but we deem it of some importance to direct attention to the imperfection of the evidence on which it has been attempted to found a complete distinction between the Etruscan and the Grecian vases. Truth appears to lie between the extreme theories of Micali and Raoul-Rochette. We may concede to the former that there was a native school of Etrurian Art; and at the same time we must confess, with the latter, that the style of ornament, whether sculptured or painted, is essentially Greek. Between the years 1827 and 1830, more than 4,000 vases were dug up in the neighbourhood of Vulci, in the very heart of the Etrurian territories,—descriptions of which were published by Millingen and the Prince of Canino. Many of them are covered with inscriptions in the Attic dialect: all that we have seen invariably preserve the Greek association of colours,—that is to say, brown figures on a yellowish ground, black figures on a reddish ground, and red figures on a black ground. The last of these was a style of vase brought to the greatest perfection by Wedgwood; but we believe that the manufacture of such has been discontinued,—or at least that they are only produced when specially ordered. All the subjects represented in the decorations, whether painted or in relief, are essentially Greek, and represent the divinities, costumes and usages of Attica.

Coincidences of style and form may, to some extent, be explained by the exigencies of the material used; but this does not extend to the minute details of ornament,—and we must, therefore, feel some surprise at finding the bosses, crimpings, and lines of points, which form the characteristic style of Etrurian ornamentation on the pottery of the ancient Gauls and Germans. In fact, the Etrurian vases seem to confirm Niebuhr's theory of the double origin of the Etrurian people;—the ruling warrior caste being a Germanic race, which entered Italy through the Alpine valleys of the Tyrol,—and the subject industrial race being of Greek, or some cognate, origin.

Roman pottery is very closely connected with Roman history; for the Romans made more use of earthenware in their domestic economy than any other ancient nation,—as the abundant remains not only in Italy, but in Gaul, Germany, Spain and Britain, sufficiently prove. But it is remarkable that cinerary urns, ornamental vases, and prize-goblets for *athletes*,—so abundant in the Etrurian and Grecian remains—are not found in any collection of Roman pottery; though urns were used for preserving human remains by the Germans down to the time of Charlemagne.

The ancient German vases are fragile, unpolished, porous, but very highly ornamented. They were chiefly used for cinerary urns when the bodies were burned; and when this custom was discontinued, they were buried, as a kind of sacrifice or homage, in the tomb of the deceased,—probably, because, having been used in the funeral ceremonies, they were regarded as sacred. These vases have been found so abundantly in the north of Germany, between

the Oder and the Weser, that the inhabitants have been perplexed to account for their origin. About Dessau and Torgau the peasants believe them to be fabricated by the mysterious dwarfs called Kobolds or Zwerger; in Lusatia they are believed to grow underground like truffles; the Wends of Hanover ascribe them to the Vandals, and break them wherever they find them,—thinking that they would otherwise be haunted by the ghost of the Vandal whose ashes they had contained; whilst the people of Holstein preserve them with the greatest care, being persuaded that milk kept in them yields the most abundant cream and the richest butter. It may be further remarked that, in the German districts where these remains are so abundant, there has been no great manufactory for tender or unglazed pottery since the introduction of the plumbiferous glaze, more than six hundred years ago.

The ringing sound of earthenware when properly baked is sufficiently known; but there is another kind of sonorous pottery which, being homogeneous and elastic in its texture, vibrates with the impressions of air, and is used for whistles, rude flutes, cymbals and bells. The sheep and cattle bells of Spain are all made of earthenware; and we have seen specimens of similar bells and cymbals brought from Peru,—but could not ascertain whether they were of ancient or modern manufacture. We have seen porcelain dog-whistles in Copeland's establishment at Stoke; but the sound which they yield is not so shrill or so loud as that of the unglazed Spanish whistles,—nor as the earthenware pipes or horns used by cattle-drovers in the department of the Oise. One specimen of the latter, which we examined, almost deserved to rank as a musical instrument. Brongniart doubts the use of earthen pipes or whistles among ancient nations; but there have been and are many little contrivances preserved from remote antiquity which never had sufficient importance to find their way into records, though they had enough of value to be preserved by tradition,—and the petty articles to which we refer may be classed under this category. Among the Mexican antiquities collected by Martin, for many years the French consul in Mexico, were several pieces of what we may call musical pottery. Amongst others, we remarked a flute or rife, with six holes, about half a foot in length,—and a hollow sphere, with balls inside, which seemed to have been intended for a child's toy. These were discovered in Yucatan; and, consequently, belong to the best established of the antiquities of Mexico. The weight of evidence, indeed, is in favour of assigning them to a race anterior to that which Cortes found in possession of the Mexican Empire.

To persons unaccustomed to examine and compare specimens of pottery, it must appear rather strange to hear that the question whether glazes were or were not used by ancient nations is not yet satisfactorily determined. Brongniart moots the point,—but abandons the solution. We do not profess to have discovered from casual observation, what he has failed to determine after years of close observation;—but we think that he sometimes perplexed himself by supposing that superficial lustre, accompanied by any peculiarity of superficial texture, must necessarily have arisen from the presence of superficial glaze. We have direct evidence from modern experience that the polishing of fictile productions by a lathe or wheel, especially when the texture of the material is close and fine, produces an effect that can hardly be distinguished from a thin glaze; and to some such process the polish of the ancient Egyptian vases is generally attributed. But further, we have

known, in been produced, intention, a manufacturer, clearly not,—is not a help-weed sand with the sand has conceivable with the p the vase with the action place only case with n have already account for improperly this view of circumstances such as the almost totality of the body of of a single identity in proportions between the glaze of the zealously of the glaze, efforts made at Sèvres.

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known, in the south of Ireland, glaze to have been produced on bricks and tiles without the intention, and contrary to the wish, of the manufacturer. The silico-alkaline glaze—which is clearly nothing more than superficial vitrification—is not a rare phenomenon on sea-coasts where kelp-weed is so abundant as to impregnate the sand with alkaline particles,—especially when the sand has a ferruginous character. It is conceivable that the silice and kali may be mixed with the paste or moistened clay from which the vase was formed; and that, when subject to the action of the fire, vitrification should take place only on the exposed surface,—as was the case with many of the Irish bricks to which we have already alluded. In this way we would account for the glaze on the Campanian vases, improperly confounded with Etruscan: and this view derives confirmation from some circumstances mentioned by Brongniart himself,—such as the extreme tenuity of this glaze, the almost total impossibility of separating it from the body of the vase—no instance being known of a single fragment having scaled off,—and the identity in component parts, and very nearly in proportions, which chemical analysis reveals between the inner substance and superficial glaze of the vases. Finally, though Brongniart zealously contends for the separate existence of the glaze, he is forced to confess that all the efforts made to produce the silico-alkaline glaze at Sèvres have been complete failures.

Comparing the chemical analyses of the Etrurian and Campanian vases, we find that the latter contain a larger proportion of alumina and of metallic oxides than the former,—and that they have been exposed to a much weaker action of fire. Manganese, also, is present in many of the Campanian vases, and is the basis of their black colour; while the black of the Etrurian potteries is a carbonaceous substance.

Here we may remark, that the chemistry of vitrification and of vitreous colours has been too much neglected in England. It would be a national advantage, if some man of science could be found to give the same aid to manufacturers of glass and porcelain which Dr. Henry, of Manchester, rendered to bleachers and calico-printers. We recommend the subject to the New College of Chemistry;—but must add, that the experiments will not be conclusive, if confined to a laboratory. They ought, as at Sèvres, to be combined with the processes of manufacture.

The invention of the plumbiferous glaze has been attributed to the Chinese; but it is certain that the felspathic is far more common on old porcelain. In the Museum of the East India Company, there are some very exquisite specimens of glazed bricks and tiles,—found in the ruins of the deserted city of Gour; which we believe to be vitreous,—for the lustre is exactly similar to that of the fragments of glazed bricks found, by Rich, in the ruins of Babylon. There seems to be much uncertainty about the chemical analysis of the specimens examined in the laboratory of Sèvres. We suspect that this has arisen from the presence of metallic oxides, used to colour the glaze: and, perhaps, this circumstance may also account for the belief that the vitreous glaze of the Chinese was plumbiferous;—for there is no doubt that preparations of lead and tin have been used as colouring materials both in China and Japan.

The silico-alkaline, or vitreous, glaze is almost characteristic of the ornamental bricks and tiles found in all countries over which the dominion of the Saracens extended. We saw, in the Museum at Sèvres, a very fine tile brought from the tomb of Mohammed, at Medina:—the glaze of which is very thoroughly blended with the green and blue colouring on

the surface; but we had no opportunity of ascertaining how far the vitreous elements of the surface were similar to those of the substance of the tile. The enamelled tiles of the Alhambra seem, however, to prove that the Saracens had a true glaze, as distinct from the vitrification of the surface of the tile. There are several mechanical and chemical difficulties which render it hard to distinguish between glaze and superficial vitrification. Of the latter Brongniart takes no notice; nor can we find any record of its having been tried in the several experiments to reproduce the peculiar lustre of the Campanian vases. It is, however, enough for us to indicate it as a subject worthy of inquiry; and, at the same time, to point out the distinction that should be made between colouring matter and the substance of a glaze. We can find no satisfactory evidence for the existence of the plumbiferous glaze before the tenth century; and we have not been able to satisfy ourselves as to the date, place, or author, of the invention. An enumeration of the countless theories and conjectures which we have examined, and a statement of our reasons for regarding them as inconclusive, would be too long and tedious an affair for general readers.

There are some articles of pottery in which permeability is directly sought,—such as water-coolers, flower-pots, and sugar-shapes. The water-coolers or, as the French call them, *hydro-cérames*, are used very extensively in all warm countries:—but we chiefly notice them to direct attention to the fact, that they produce a very trifling effect on the temperature of water when used in this climate. It is only when there is a very rapid evaporation produced by exposure to a current of hot air that any sensible refrigeration is produced.

The Tudor Sisters; a Story of National Sacrilege. 3 vols. Newby.

GLADLY would we have handed over 'The Tudor Sisters' to the *Jedwood* justice of the Two Old Men who were so eloquent, only a while since, on the turnings and winding of Papistry, in 'Father Darcy,'—were not they better employed in weaving the tapestry of fresh fictions than in shaking to tatters trumpery like this. So, let us take this occasion once again to express our pity at the amount of bad reading which those who feast on *trunk-lining* romance must digest. One so abusive of "the so-called Reformation" as our author—whose tone is that of a parish scold, and whose taste a strolling manager's—must bear with plain speaking. We will justify our right to dismiss this romance with the harshest epithet in the reviewer's quiver,—by giving an extract, worthy to pair off (and that is saying much) with the spirited and tragical passages which we cited, some weeks ago, from 'Social Influences.' Lady Jane Grey is escaping in a boat on the moonlit Tyne; "having been led—opera fashion—by the temptation of a magic lay, to spring into the arms of a muffled singer:—

"Alas, poor Jane! the embrace was cold to her: for he from whom she sought it unclasped her twining arms; and, though there was tenderness in the manner in which he seated her, and screened her from the night breeze, he spoke no word of comfort; but, retiring from her contact with more than conjugal respect, leaned over the gun-wale of the boat, apparently more sorrow-stricken than resentful. Jane was touched; but when she fancied she saw a tear trickle through his fingers, glisten in the moonlight, and drop into the water—overcome by that which woman cannot resist, much less so gentle a creature as Jane, she could forbear no longer; but, rising from her seat, made a step forward, exclaiming: 'Guilford, dearest Guilford, share with me thy sorrow. Thou wert but now, to all seeming, joyous,

and sang'st right merrily. Sure, sight of thy Jane hath not made thee sad! Think not, Dudley, how we parted—all is, long ago, forgotten.' 'Peace, peace, oh! peace!' cried a voice, in which sympathy struggled to be harsh, 'or let thy words scorch in the deep damnation of my guilt. Thus gentle, they are adder-stings.' The head of the speaker was raised a little—but other motion he made none; and that voice, oh! how changed from the Dudley of happier days! A peremptory cry of 'Woman, be still!' uttered by a tall, gloomy-looking figure, who stood in the stern of the boat, with arms authoritatively folded, watching and controlling all, struck Jane down into her seat—in a panic of surprise and apprehension. Whose was the voice, at the command of which her breath was to be still? Whose the compelling power that urged the oarsmen to strike so rapidly, and strain the bark so swiftly through the waters? Why did not her Guilford assume the command? But could he be there, and brook that his Jane should be tongue-tied by an unfeeling rufian, with 'Woman, be still!' Why, indeed, was she thus torn away from the protection of one whose home and heart were open to her, and who would have sheltered and shielded her Dudley too? There is a feeling without a name which creeps over the heart and brain, tingles in every drop of blood, trembles in every nerve, and shakes in every limb, when first the sense becomes conscious of a harrowing pang, but before the thrill is given. Jane felt that feeling now, and looked despairingly around her. Could she have been betrayed? it was his bird-call, his well-known wooing song. She felt the voice was changed: could sorrow thus have changed it? No! it was a heartless mimicry, or why the submission to that insulting mandate, 'Woman be still!' and oh! that cold caress! Conviction came like a flash, something cracked in the recesses of her brain, her heart thumped against her side, and, half-leaping with the shock, she felt senseless at the feet of her mysterious betrayer. The long-loved lure had beguiled her to her undoing. It was the mother calling her lamb over a precipice!"

There is no enlisting the pensive public in the romance of the story after a bit of farce like this. So let the curtain fall at once on 'The Tudor Sisters.'

The Literary History of the Middle Ages: comprehending an Account of the State of Learning from the Close of the Reign of Augustus to its Revival in the Fifteenth Century. By the Rev. Joseph Berington. Bogue.

It is now more than thirty years since this work was originally published; and the present is a reprint in the cheap form of Mr. Bogue's 'European Library.' With all its defects, it is a very useful manual; though we cannot agree with the editor, that it is "on all hands admitted to be the best account extant of the important subject to which it refers." When Mr. Hazlitt expressed himself to that effect, he must have forgotten, doubtless, what the Germans have, since Berington's day, added to our acquaintance with his subject, as well as the great work of André—'On the Origin, Progress, and Present State of all Literature'—a work which, for extent of erudition, though not for critical acumen, has few equals in the nineteenth century. We should have been better pleased to see in an English garb the labours of the learned Italian Jesuit, than this republication. But such an undertaking would, probably, occupy half-a-dozen volumes like the one before us; and, for the present, we may be grateful for Mr. Berington's less ambitious and less comprehensive, but more agreeable, volume.

This 'Literary History of the Middle Ages' is quite a phenomenon, when regarded as the production of an English Roman-Catholic clergyman. He has no admiration for the papal authority, which he evidently considers an usurpation—or, we should rather say, a succession of usurpations. On this head, no Protestant could be more decided. As the fact is equally

curious, striking, and (in this country) novel, we give our readers a specimen or two of our author's manner, without any comment of our own. He tells us that the want of learning in the time of Charlemagne was owing, among other causes,—

“to the oblivion in which the classical productions of former ages were buried, or the disregard in which they were held—to a want of capacity in the bishops, clergy and monks, upon whom the weighty charge of education had devolved—to a selfish reflection in the same order of men, that in proportion to the decline of learning and the spread of ignorance, their churches and monasteries had prospered; whilst the revival of letters was likely to divert the copious streams of pious benevolence into a channel less favourable to the interests of the clergy and the monks—to a marked aversion in the bishop of Rome to any scheme by which the minds of churchmen, or of others, might be turned to the study of antiquity, and to those documents which would disclose on what futile reasons and sandy foundations the exclusive prerogatives of his see were established.”

Again, speaking of the vices of the popes:—

“The Roman see was unworthily occupied for many years, particularly by Benedict IX., who was called to it by the venal Romans when he had not completed his tenth year; but whose votes the treasures of his family had purchased. The writers of the age dwell with malevolent complacency on the vices of this infant pontiff; and he continued to improve in profligacy, till, unwilling any longer to bear the insult, the same people drove him from their city, and taking another bribe, elected the bishop of Sabinum in his place. This election also was soon annulled; when, ‘as there was not,’ says the historian, ‘in the Roman church a man fit to occupy its first station,’ a German was nominated, and, on his death, in 1049, Leo IX., himself a foreigner and bishop of Toul, ascended the papal chair.”

For Gregory VII. he has scarcely a better word:—

“The style adopted by Gregory—better, perhaps, known by the name of Hildebrand—is, agreeably to the characteristics of his mind, bold, vigorous, and impressive. On a former occasion, speaking of his epistles, preserved in nine books, I said: With their perusal I have been often disgusted, for, by the side of the imposing language of piety and Christian zeal, we, at every page, meet with sentiments and the undisguised exposition of views, such as might have fallen from the lips, and have been entertained by the minds of men, whose ruling passion was ambition, and whose object was the subjugation of nations. To effect this favourite purpose, to increase the jurisdiction of Rome, and to bend the refractory to his will, not only Italy, but Germany and other states were convulsed; and, it may be truly said, during the nearly twelve years of his pontificate, that the double sword of extermination which he claimed was never sheathed.”

But for Leo IX. is reserved the full vial of Mr. Berington's wrath. He openly charges that pontiff with forgery:—

“I mentioned, I think, the *spurious decretals*, which, with no honourable views, were palmed upon the world as the genuine productions of antiquity; and at this time a fiction was contrived, with more shameless effrontery, under the denomination of the *Donation of Constantine*. In a letter to Michael Cerularius, the Byzantine patriarch, Leo IX. having reproached him with the indecency of his attack upon the Roman church, and having quoted, in honour of this church, as a decree of the Nicene Council, words of a very different origin, with an audacious temerity of imposture, subjoins: ‘The most wise Constantine, revering the high character of our royal priesthood, conferred on Pope Sylvester and his successors, not only the imperial power and dignity, but invested them with its insignia and its ministers, deeming it highly indecorous that he, to whom God had given the empire of heaven, should be subject to any earthly command. And that no doubt of our dominion may remain; and that you may not suspect our holy church of building its claim to power on vain and anile fables, we will produce some passages of that *grant* which Constantine with his own hand

laid on the shrine of Peter, that truth may be established, and falsehood confounded.’ He then gives the greater part of that forged instrument, in which the Roman pontiff is declared to be supreme in the church; the imperial power is conferred upon him; the city of Rome, the regions of Italy, and all the provinces of the west are transferred to him; and Constantine moves the seat of empire to the east, ‘because it is not just, that an earthly prince should there exercise power, where it has pleased heaven to establish the head of the priesthood, and of the Christian religion.’”

If Mr. Berington has little respect for the religion and morals, he has still less for the literature, either of the popes, or of their subordinates. After speaking of Gregory the Great, he observes:—

“I do not mean to insinuate that the immediate successors of Gregory were all destitute of literary accomplishments, though, in an age of ignorance, but little attention is due to the eulogy of contemporaries. Toward the close of the seventh century, when Agatho was bishop of Rome, we have irrefragable proof of the low state of ecclesiastical learning. A Roman synod was convened to deliberate on certain communications which had been received from Constantinople; and it was agreed to send deputies into the East with letters to the emperor from the pontiff and the council. The deputies were seven, bishops and priests; and as the synod was numerously attended, we may fairly presume that they were selected with care. ‘It is not,’ says Agatho, ‘from any confidence which we place in their knowledge; for how can the perfect science of the scriptures be found amongst men, who live in the midst of a barbarous people, and with difficulty earn their bread by the labour of their hands?’ It is only with simplicity of heart, that we preserve the faith delivered to us by our fathers.’ With these delegates, he adds, that he had sent such books and extracts as might be necessary to explain the faith of the apostolic church, and he entreats the emperor to give an indulgent hearing ‘to their illiterate expositions.’ The substance of the second letter is of similar import. The bishops speak of their learning in the same humble strain; which, in truth, the style of the letter sufficiently attests, observing that, ‘at this time, no one among them can boast of worldly eloquence.’ It cannot be doubted that this humble representation of the learning of the Roman church was extorted by the force of truth; for, in all intercourse with the East, and particularly at this time, when the rival sees had been warmly contending for pre-eminence, no example can be found of gratuitous self-abasement. What then must have been the learning of other churches, if that of Rome, by her own confession to an inveterate adversary, was reduced so low?”

In another passage, we are told that if a priest could merely read the service, it was sufficient—but if he could *understand* it, he was accounted a prodigy. Nor will our author allow the monastic orders to have been great promoters of learning. The following observations relate to a subject of much interest, and are curious:—

“But if the labour of the monks had only been as *assiduous* as is often pretended—considering the number of their establishments in all countries—how did it happen that the copies of works were so scarce? The high price of parchment or vellum might account for the incompleteness of some works; and the same cause would also occasion a general scarcity. Besides, the work of transcription was tardy in its progress, particularly where pains were taken to exhibit splendid editions. To this must be added, the insecurity of the times, and the incursions of barbarous invaders, by whom the monasteries were often plundered, and their libraries destroyed or dispersed. Still I am not satisfied; and the stubborn fact of *scarcity* inclines me to suspect, that the pens of the monks were less constantly employed than many would induce us to believe. In the most wealthy convents, where libraries were chiefly formed, a short catalogue was sufficient to comprise the number of their books; and the price, to those who were disposed to purchase, was exorbitant. In the lives of the popes, and of many bishops, the donations of books are recorded, as acts of signal generosity; and,

as deserving of perpetual remembrance, the gift was sometimes inscribed even on the monuments of departed benefactors. In the preceding century, Lupus, abbot of Ferrières in Gaul, in a letter to Benedict III. requests the loan of the *Commentaries* of St. Jerome on the prophet Jeremiah, of which he observes that no complete copy could be found anywhere in France; and with them Cicero's work *De Oratore*, the *Institutiones* of Quintilian, of both which they possessed only some parts, with the *Commentary* of Donatus on Terence. ‘These works,’ he adds, ‘if your holiness will kindly transmit them to us, shall be copied with all possible celerity, and be faithfully restored.’ The scarcity then of books, of which innumerable proofs might be adduced, may be considered as the cause of ignorance, as well as the effect. More knowledge, or the desire of acquiring more knowledge, which was excited in happier times, would have kept alive curiosity, and have multiplied the means of instruction and the materials of knowledge. The various productions of Grecian and Roman taste, in the proudest era of their literature, were circulated only by written copies. The will then was now wanting; and with the want of this I charge the monks. But it is said that the works on which they laboured most, such as the writings of the Latin fathers, were voluminous: and they were besides often called to transcribe and embellish the books which were used in the service of the church. This I admit; and I admit moreover, that, from the absence of a critical taste, they might often be induced, or perhaps commanded by their superiors, to lavish much labour on some productions of little value. But yet, when it is considered how numerous the hands were—and that these continued to multiply, as the fashion of monastic institutions became more prevalent,—there is at least room for surprise, that so little should have been performed. After the lapse of little less than a thousand years—from the fall of the western empire to the revival of letters—during which we are told that the monks in all countries, as convents were erected, prosecuted the labour of copying books and furnishing their libraries, we know what a dearth there still was; and that, after the most diligent search, only a few copies could be discovered of the most valuable works, and these mutilated and damaged; whilst others were irreparably lost. We have, however, reason to be thankful that some were preserved; and I am not willing to withhold from the monkish labourers their due portion of praise, however slender might be their pretensions.”

Of all the great men (and some of them were truly so, even irrespective of the times in which they lived) whom Mr. Berington brings before us, he regards none with more admiration than Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester II. Many readers are acquainted with the contest between Gerbert and Arnulph, a prince of the royal house of France, for the see of Rheims; but few, perhaps, are aware of the noble stand made by the former, on this occasion, against the encroachments of the Papal See. Through high secular influence, Arnulph was elected to the chair of Rheims; but, from some cause or other, not very clearly defined, he was soon deposed by a French synod, and Gerbert raised to the dignity. It was not to be expected that the reigning Pope (John XV.) should recognize the acts of a synod in which his authority went for nothing:—

“When the news of the transactions of the Rheims synod reached the ears of his holiness, John XV., aggravated, as undoubtedly it was, by all its irritating circumstances, his anger was inflamed; and he proceeded to excommunicate the bishops who had been concerned in the deposition of Arnulph, and the elevation of Gerbert. The latter now wrote various epistles, of which I shall extract a passage from that to the archbishop of Sens, who had been president of the council. This will evince the intrepid mind of the writer, as well as the comprehensiveness of his views in the midst of surrounding ignorance. ‘How do your enemies say,’ he proceeds, after some preliminary remarks, ‘that, in deposing Arnulphus, we should have waited for the judgment of the Roman bishop? Can they show that his

judgment is pronounced; the apostles obeyed the Gentile he were an agent from the pontiff must all be boldly, that his brother, obey the church of God, shall The higher think us of will spelt, he cannot communion The saying sentence of applies not not they. you acknowledge convicted, to nor have been no council. delivered in not be given hood, which subjected to money, or fi he a bishop rendered ac writings of inspired by and the de the, be through com let him be; it shall be abstain from acknowledg an unjust cl

So long to the liter Italy, he is But even he seems either verily unde la France, of St. Mar of the Inst and one w overlook. condensat tices. It is was all bu activity of and Germ mer is bot ave in c scarcely a prove, eit reading w have been take the tr tories of fect, more more prof that the o steps of the self,—and fore unsat is still a d

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judgment is before that of God, which our synod pronounced? The prince of Roman bishops, and of the apostles themselves, proclaimed, that God must be obeyed rather than men: and Paul, the teacher of the Gentiles, announced anathema to him, though he were an angel, who should preach a doctrine different from that which had been delivered. Because the pontiff Marcellinus offered incense to Jupiter, must all bishops, therefore, sacrifice to him? I assert, boldly, that if the bishop of Rome shall sin against his brother, and when often admonished, shall not obey the church, that bishop, I say, by the command of God, shall be deemed a heathen or a publican. The higher the rank is, the greater is the fall. If he think us unworthy of his communion, because no one of us will speak contrary to the doctrine of the gospel, he cannot, on that account, separate us from the communion of Christ, nor deprive us of eternal life. The saying of Gregory, 'that the flock must fear the sentence of the pastor, whether it be just or unjust,' applies not to bishops. The people are the flock, not they. You ought not, then, for a crime which you acknowledged not, and of which you were not convicted, to have been suspended from communion; nor have been treated as rebels, when you declined no council. The sentence issued against you, not delivered in writing, is an illegal act. Occasion must not be given to our enemies to say, that the priesthood, which is one as the church is one, is so subjected to one man, that, if he be corrupted by money, or favour, or fear, or ignorance, no one can be a bishop, unless, by the same means, he be rendered acceptable to him. Let the gospels, the writings of the apostles and the prophets, the canons inspired by God, and revered by Christendom, and the decrees of the apostolic see agreeing with them, be the common law of the church. He who, through contempt, shall depart from this law, by it let him be judged: but peace rest on him by whom it shall be strenuously observed. Beware, not to abstain from the holy mysteries, which would be an acknowledgment of guilt. It becomes us to repel an unjust charge; to despise an illegal sentence."

So long as Mr. Berington confines himself to the literary history of England, France, and Italy, he is always agreeable, and generally just. But even here, he is at a loss for materials. He seems either not to have known, or to have made very inadequate use of, the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, by the Monks of the Congregation of St. Maur (now continued by some members of the Institute)—a work of inestimable value, and one which Mr. Bogue would do well not to overlook. It would require, however, judicious condensation, at least in the more obscure notices. It is equally certain, too, that the author was all but unacquainted with the intellectual activity of other countries, especially of Spain and Germany. His meagre sketch of the former is both feeble and false; and to the latter, save in connexion with France or Italy, he scarcely alludes. These are serious defects; and prove, either that Mr. Berington's course of reading was much less extensive than it should have been for such a work, or that he would not take the trouble of ransacking our great repositories of literature. A new work on this subject, more comprehensive in its design and more profound in its details, (for we must add, that the author frequently treads in the footsteps of others, when he might examine for himself,—and is often brief and meagre, and therefore unsatisfactory, where he should be copious) is still a desideratum in our literature.

Before we dismiss this volume, we must perform a disagreeable, though necessary, duty. It is badly edited. In the first place, the typographical errors are numerous,—an imperfection wholly inexcusable in a reprint. In the second, why have we not a satisfactory account of the author? There is, indeed, what is ostentatiously called a "biographical sketch" of him—in two pages; but this is absolutely worse than none, as exciting curiosity without gratifying it. Had Mr. Hazlitt allowed himself time

to make inquiries, he might easily have collected details of great interest and importance, as illustrating the relation in which the reverend author stood to his church; details far beyond the meagre and unsatisfactory ones given in Rose's 'General Biographical Dictionary,'—which this editor confessedly follows.

Self-Instruction for Young Gardeners, &c. By the late J. C. Loudon. With a Memoir of the Author. Longman & Co.

Few men have done more for the departments of literature which he cultivated—and fewer still, in spite of difficulties—than the late John Claudius Loudon. He was born near Edinburgh, in 1783;—and, although destined for the occupation of a gardener, and placed with a nurseryman in that city, he attended the classes of Botany, Chemistry, and Agriculture. At an early age, he came to London; and commenced his literary career by publishing some remarks on the laying out of the public squares of London. To him we are principally indebted for the great improvements that have recently taken place in the culture of these plots of ground. Subsequently, he became a farmer,—as tenant of General Stratton, at Tew Park, in Oxfordshire; where he established a kind of agricultural college. In 1812, he gave up his farm,—having saved a considerable fortune. But his tastes still lay in the direction of his old profession; and he determined to travel in Europe, for the purpose of increasing his knowledge of landscape gardening. On his return from the Continent, in 1814, he found that he had lost the greatest part of his property, through unfortunate investments. He had, therefore, to work again for his livelihood; and established himself in London,—where he commenced that literary career by which he is so well known.

Mr. Loudon's first great work was the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening;—which was followed by the 'Encyclopædia of Agriculture.' Then, came the 'Encyclopædia of Plants,'—and the 'Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture.' This last work was his own property; and having been successful beyond his expectations, he planned, and published at his own expense, the 'Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum.' Its cost was immense; and involved him in difficulties, which seem to have hastened his death. The labour of all these works, too, was prodigious,—and accomplished only by the author's incessant application. Regarded as the productions of a strong healthy man, they would be surprising; but when it is known that they were produced by one constantly liable to attacks of severe illness,—who suffered so dreadfully from rheumatic pains that his arm was broken by the violence of the process of shampooing, from which he sought relief,—that amputation of this arm became subsequently necessary,—and that the hand of the other was so paralyzed by disease that he could use only the third and little fingers—the surprise is greatly increased. Nothing is more striking in Mrs. Loudon's Memoir, attached to this volume, than the fortitude exhibited by her husband in the most trying circumstances. The day before his death, Mrs. Loudon went to London on business; and returned with an unsatisfactory answer:—

"He was accordingly very much agitated when I told him the result of my mission; but he did not on that account relax in his exertions; on the contrary, he continued dictating 'Self-Instruction' till twelve o'clock at night. When he went to bed he could not sleep, and the next morning he rose before it was light. He told me he had determined to sacrifice his edition of 'Repton' in order to have his affairs settled before he died; adding 'but it will

break my heart to do so.' He repeated, however, that he would make the sacrifice, but he seemed reluctant to send me into town to give his consent; and most fortunate was it, as, if I had gone to town that morning, I should not have been with him when he died. He now appeared very ill, and told me he thought he should never live to finish 'Self-Instruction'; but that he would ask his friend Dr. Jamieson, to whom he had previously spoken on the subject, to finish the work for him. Soon after this he became very restless, and walked several times from the drawingroom to his bedroom and back again. I feel that I cannot continue these melancholy details: it is sufficient to say, that, though his body became weaker every moment, his mind retained all its vigour to the last, and that he died standing on his feet. Fortunately, I perceived a change taking place in his countenance, and had just time to clasp my arms round him, to save him from falling, when his head sank upon my shoulder, and he was no more."

The 'Self-Instruction' here referred to is the posthumous volume before us. It is intended for young men—gardeners, foresters, &c.,—who have received an imperfect rudimentary education, or have forgotten in great measure what they have been taught. It consists of the elements of such studies as lie at the foundation of horticulture and agriculture as mechanical arts,—and embrace arithmetic, book-keeping, practical geometry, mensuration, trigonometry, mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, land-surveying, levelling, planning, mapping, architectural drawing, projection, and perspective. Such is the last work of this laborious man;—devoted to making easy the path of those who possessed less advantages than himself. It was characteristic of his mind. Throughout his works, he exhibits an earnest desire to elevate the character of the members of his profession; and the work before us will be found a useful volume for the class for whom it was intended.

We cannot, however, conclude this notice without a word of warning. In reading the Memoirs of Loudon, every one will be struck by his remarkable power of dispensing, to a great extent, with sleep;—but this we believe to have laid the foundation of his maladies, and hastened his end. When a youth, "he regularly sat up two nights in each week to study—drinking strong green tea to keep himself awake; and this practice of sitting up two nights in every week he continued for many years." During the building of his houses in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, he was suffering acute bodily pain; but still "he superintended the building of them himself—rising at four o'clock every morning." Again, who can read the following passage without trembling at the consequences of such labour:—

"Having resolved that all the drawings of trees for the 'Arboretum' should be made from nature, he had seven artists constantly employed; and he was frequently in the open air with them from his breakfast at seven in the morning till he came home to dinner at eight in the evening,—having remained the whole of that time without taking the slightest refreshment, and generally without even sitting down. After dinner he resumed the literary part of the work, and continued writing, with me as his amanuensis, till two or three o'clock in the morning."

That such a man should have died in difficulties is matter of great regret;—but we believe that his widow and daughter have still an interest in the profits of the sale of the great national work whose completion seemed to have hastened his end.

Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare. By J. Payne Collier.

[Concluding Notice.]

THERE is not a greater name in the history of our stage than Richard Burbadge,—"the chosen representative," as Mr. Collier calls him, "of

all, or nearly all, the serious parts in the productions of our great dramatist;—yet very little is known about him. There is reason to believe that the family originally came from Warwickshire, and this is, at least, a pleasing belief, because it is Shakspeare's county. A family of the name was settled at Stratford-upon-Avon in the middle of the sixteenth century. John Burbadge was bailiff of the borough, in June, 1555,—at which date we meet with the earliest trace of the Stratford Shakspeares. But the name was not confined to Warwickshire; and when arms were granted to Cuthbert Burbadge (the brother of Richard), they were the same as those of the Burbadges of Hertfordshire,—“whence,” as Mr. Collier observes, “an inference may be drawn that the families of Burbadge of Warwickshire and of Hertfordshire were in some way related.”

Richard Burbadge, the son of James Burbadge and Helen Brayne, his wife, was born, it is thought, about the year 1567. His father was one of the players of the celebrated Earl of Leicester; and his name is the first on the list of the first royal patent conceded in this country to the performers of plays. This was in 1574. Two years later, he was living in the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch; the Register recording the baptism of his daughter Alice on the 11th of March, 1576,—the year in which the players were prohibited erecting a playhouse within the City jurisdiction, and the year in which the first Blackfriars Theatre was built by James Burbadge and his “fellows.” Of his eminent son, the earliest mention that has come down to us is contained in a “Plat” of a play preserved at Dulwich College. The play is called ‘The Secound Parte of the Seven Deadly Sinnes’; and is assigned to Richard Tarlton, the clown, because Nash has attributed to him a play of the ‘Seaven Deadly Sinnes.’ “This representation,” says Mr. Collier, “must have taken place prior to 1588, because Tarlton, the contriver of the piece, was buried in September of that year.” This reasoning will hardly bear examination. If Tarlton had been mentioned in the list of the performers, the inference had been fair enough; but he is not,—and we may as well infer that Betterton, who is known to have excelled in Hamlet, must have played in it before 1616, because the author who wrote it died in that year;—while, on the other hand, the inference drawn from a similarity of name is of itself defective. Dryden wrote the first part of ‘Absalom and Achitophel,’ but as assuredly did not write the second.

Burbadge was early eminent in his calling:—

Shakspeare was fortunate, I trow,
That such an actor had;
If we had but his equal now,
For one I should be glad.

He is known to have played in twelve, at least, of Shakspeare's plays,—performing the parts of Shylock, Richard III., Prince Henry, Romeo, Henry V., Brutus, Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Pericles, and Coriolanus. He had parts in seven of Ben Jonson's plays:—‘Every Man in his Humour,’ ‘Every Man out of his Humour,’ ‘Sejanus,’ ‘Volpone,’ ‘The Silent Woman,’ ‘The Alchemist,’ and ‘Catiline.’ The particular parts are unknown. He is thought, however, to have played Kiteley to Shakspeare's Kno'well, in ‘Every Man in his Humour;’ and, from the *dramatis personæ* and Jonson's own list of “the principal comedians in that play,” Mr. Collier has compiled the following cast.—The names of the actors occur as arranged by Jonson:—

Kno'well	Will. Shakspeare.
Kiteley	Ric. Burbadge.
Brayne-worm	Aug. Phillips.
Downe-right	Joh. Hemings.
Cap. Bobadill	Hen. Condell.
Just. Clement	Tho. Pope.
Mr. Stephen	Will. Kempe.

Mr. Matthew	Will. Slye.
Dame Kiteley	Chr. Beeston.
Tib	Joh. Duke.

Burbadge had other parts in plays by several distinguished dramatists. He was Edward, in Marlowe's ‘Edward II.’—Antonio, in Marston's ‘Antonio and Mellida,’—Vendice, in Tournour's ‘Revenger's Tragedy,’—Brachiano, in Webster's ‘White Devil,’—Philaster, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of that name,—Frankford, in Heywood's ‘Woman Killed with Kindness,’—and Malevole, in Marston's ‘Malcontent.’ These are the known parts:—and the unknown ones must have been very numerous; for we find him playing till within a few months of his death—one of the last plays in which he appeared being Fletcher's ‘Loyal Subject,’ licensed to be played 15th November, 1618,—and on the following 13th March, Richard Burbadge died. His death was caused by paralysis. Mr. Collier quotes a most interesting epitaph in support of this:—

Hadst thou but spoke to Death, and us'd the power
Of thy enchanting tongue, at that first hour
Of his assault, he had let fall his dart,
And quite been charm'd with thy all-charming art:
This Death well knew, and to prevent this wrong,
He first made seizure on thy wondrous tongue,
Then on the rest, &c.

“The suddenness of the attack,” Mr. Collier adds, “which is always the case with paralysis, may account for the fact that he left no written testament behind him.”

The life of Burbadge occupies fifty-eight of Mr. Collier's pages,—and is full of new, curious, and minute particulars. The following entry, from the Register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, was overlooked both by Malone and Chalmers:—

“1616. William Burbadge, son of Richard Burbadge, baptised 6 November, 1616.—Halywell Street.”

“This,” Mr. Collier observes, “is extremely interesting; since we need entertain little doubt that the boy was named William after our great dramatist, who died about six months before.” Another interesting entry, overlooked both by Malone and Chalmers, was discovered by Mr. Collier in the same register. This is the burial of Sarah, the posthumous child of the great actor:—

“1625. Sara Burbadge was buried the 29th of April.”

But Mr. Collier's discoveries about Burbadge are not confined to parish papers and entries of births and burials;—he has brought forward, for the first time, some interesting extracts from the records of the Court of Chancery, relative to the Blackfriars Theatre,—one of the two theatres for which Shakspeare was a writer from the beginning to the end of his career. The elder Burbadge, it appears, had borrowed the sum of 600*l.* from John Brayne, his father-in-law, on condition that an assignment should be made to him of a moiety of the Blackfriars Theatre and its profits. This assignment does not appear to have been executed in the life-time of the father-in-law; and his widow was obliged to commence proceedings in equity to compel a fulfilment of the contract. What became of the suit is unknown; but, in 1596, six years after the bill was filed in Chancery, the cause was still unsettled. James Burbadge, the father, there is every reason to believe, died poor. His more eminent son died comparatively rich. Chamberlayne, writing to Sir Dudley Carleton, six days after the decease of Burbadge, states the current report of the day that he had left “better than 300*l.* land”—i. e. better than 1,200*l.* of our present money.

After Burbadge, the next great names of interest in Mr. Collier's volume are, unquestionably, the player-editors of the first folio of Shakspeare—John Heminge and Henry Condell. Our great dramatist remembered them in his

will: “And to my Fellowes John Heminges, Richard Burbadge, and Henry Condell, xxvj*ij* a-piece to buy them Ringes.” These are the only “fellows,” as the players invariably called one another, remembered in his will by “so worthy a friend and fellow as was our Shakspeare.” The bequest seemed to point them out for the task they undertook:—

Be kind to my remains; and, oh! defend
Against your judgment your departed friend.

Burbadge did not live to join his name to theirs in this “office to the dead”—the publication of his plays “absolute in their numbers as he conceived them”;—and which has, perhaps, saved from oblivion about half of what was ever written by our great dramatist. But for Heminge and Condell, dramas like ‘The Winter's Tale,’ ‘Macbeth,’ ‘Cymbeline,’ and all the others that were printed for the first time in the folio of 1623, might have entirely perished; and even now, as Mr. Collier observes, we are not sure that they included all the writings of a dramatic character that came from his pen:—

“We are willing to hope that no play was accidentally omitted; but we cannot help fearing that many prologues and epilogues, and additions to his own, and even to the works of others, have been excluded. We know that it was the custom with Ben Jonson, Dekker, Webster, Marston, Heywood, and other contemporaries of Shakspeare, to employ their talents in this way, when required by the occasion, at other theatres; and as Shakspeare was for so many years the chief writer for the Lord Chamberlain's players, we are apprehensive that he contributed much of an accidental and temporary kind, which has not come down to us, and will never be recovered. This is a loss we shall, therefore, always have to deplore; but our obligations to the piety of Heminge and Condell towards their ‘friend and fellow,’ in what they did in the collection and publication of the ‘Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies’ of Shakspeare, cannot be too often, nor too deeply acknowledged.”

Mr. Collier has something to say, and to the point, on the subject of the quarto plays printed in the poet's lifetime:—

“It is one of the problems in the life of our great dramatist that will never be solved, how it happened that he, who could write such plays, could be so indifferent as to their appearance in print. Many of those that were published in his lifetime were, as Heminge and Condell tell ‘the great variety of readers’ in their preliminary address, ‘maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors;’ and Shakspeare seems to have done nothing to right himself in the eyes of the world in this respect. He probably superintended the passage through the press of his two poems, ‘Venus and Adonis’ and ‘Lucrece;’ but it is our conviction that, as far as regards any of his plays, he never corrected a line of them after they were in type. Even with respect to the two dramas that with most show of probability may be said to have been published entire, in order to check the sale of imperfect, mutilated, and surreptitious copies—‘Romeo and Juliet’ and ‘Hamlet’—we feel persuaded that their author was in no way instrumental in the issue of the more authentic copies: it seems, as far as we can judge, to have been the act of the company, with the view of correcting an injurious notion as to the real value and character of the pieces then in a course of daily representation at the Globe or Blackfriars theatres.”

Of this famous volume, which still continues to command a high price, Mr. Collier observes:—

“At the date when it appeared, consisting as it does of nearly 1000 pages, the process of printing (even supposing the MS., as there is some reason to believe, to have been placed in the hands of more than one printer) must have occupied a considerable period—scarcely less than a year. There is little doubt that the title-page and all the preliminary matter were printed last; and there, as well as at the close of the volume, we find the date of 1623; nevertheless there is a copy of the first folio in existence with the date of 1622, so that, although the publication was afterwards postponed, and the date changed to 1623, we may be pretty sure that the

book was in the process of close of 1622; various materials; longer time; printed; death of S; age, even; whole; the editor; introduced; sheets were; There; of Heming; the same; they had; the same; next to; actors at; remember; associated; plays of; good circ; buried tog; the same; must have; as Falstaff; Bobadil.

After H; first folio; gave us; are the; “the prin; Lowen's p; Oxford, i; ing the d; year in w; ing entry i; Cripplegat; “John Lo; her, 1576.”

We are; that this p; the actor; on, that th; St. Botolph; of John I; suspicious; “John Lo; the 29th of O; A mere co; other circu; Mr. Collier; similarity o; Kemp, in t; the Regist; burial of; 1603. Thi; actor; and;

Did da; was burie; and done; characteris; turn to the; Mr. Collier; very same; this kind d; of facts,—I; to build a; a baptism; superstruct; facts alone; Here w; interesting; remind ou; dusty Regi; Collier; ar; from the; thanks of H;

book was ready by the end of 1622. We suppose the process of printing to have been commenced at the close of 1621, and we cannot allow less than a previous year to the editors for the collection of their materials; it may, indeed, have occupied a much longer time, and they may not only have contemplated, but begun their undertaking soon after the death of Shakespeare. The book does credit to the age, even as a specimen of typography: it is on the whole remarkably accurate, and so desirous were the editors and printers of correctness, that they introduced changes for the better even while the sheets were in progress through the press."

There were several coincidences in the lives of Heminge and Condell. They married about the same time; they lived in the same parish; they had each a numerous family registered at the same church; their names are generally next to each other in the patents and lists of actors at the Globe and Blackfriars; they are remembered together in Shakespeare's will; associated together in the office of collecting the plays of their illustrious fellow; and, dying in good circumstances and full of years, were buried together in the same church—almost in the same grave. Good-humoured fellows they must have been, if one (Heminge) was celebrated as Falstaff and the other (Condell) as Captain Bobadil.

After Heminge and Condell, who gave us the first folio Shakespeare, Lowen and Taylor, who gave us the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, are the next names of eminence in the list of "the principall actors in all these Playes." Lowen's portrait in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, is inscribed "1640, Ætat. 64,"—carrying the date of his birth to the year 1576, the year in which Mr. Collier discovered the following entry in the Baptismal Register of St. Giles's, Cripplegate,—

"John Lowen the sone of Richard Lowen. 9 December, 1576."

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Collier, that this particular entry records the baptism of the actor;—but when he tells us, a little further on, that the following entry in the Register of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, records the marriage of John Lowen the actor, we are at least suspicious.

"John Lowen and Joane Hall, widow, were married the 29th of October, 1607, p. licent. ex officio facultatum."

A mere coincidence of name, unsupported by other circumstances, is very little to be relied on. Mr. Collier has shown the folly of trusting to a similarity of names in his biography of William Kemp, in this very volume. Chalmers found in the Register of St. Saviour's, Southwark, the burial of 'William Kemp a man' in the year 1603. This he assumed was William Kemp the actor; and so the famous fellow—

which
Did dance the famous morris unto Norwich—
was buried before he had danced across the Alps, and done a variety of other feats equally characteristic of his age and occupation. If we turn to the life of Joseph Taylor, we shall find Mr. Collier (usually so cautious) falling into the very same error, a second time. Coincidences of this kind deserve a place in biographies barren of facts,—but they are not the materials whereon to build a Life. A mere similarity of name in a baptismal entry is a false foundation for the superstructure of a book dealing in facts—and facts alone.

Here we must close our notice of a very interesting volume; but not without a word to remind our readers that all this labour among dusty Registers is gratuitous on the part of Mr. Collier; and that he looks for no other reward from the Society he presides over than the thanks of his fellow-members.

A History of the British Fresh-water Algæ. By Arthur Hill Hassall, F.L.S. 2 vols. Highley.

THE study of cryptogamic plants in Great Britain has been retarded not only by the small space devoted to their structure and functions in the great mass of our manuals on botany, but also to the want of cheap works illustrating and describing the genera and species. We are glad to notice one of several works, either announced or publishing, which have the former for their object.

Mr. Hassall's book is devoted to that portion of the lowest tribe of plants which dwell in fresh water, and which are generally known by the name of Confervæ, or crow-silks. These are of great interest to the botanist; on account of their standing lowest in the scale of development,—and not only lowest, but at a point where the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms seem to meet together. Thus, amongst one section of these plants, the Diatomacæ, we see a marked approach to the mineral kingdom, in the fact that their internal structure consists almost entirely of crystals of pure silica:—whilst among the Confervæ, we have extraordinary approaches to animal life. Many of the Confervæ are reproduced by means of what are called zoospores; which, in the early stages of their development, have the power of moving rapidly through water, and in many respects exhibit the functions of infusorial animalcules. Even after these bodies have attached themselves to a fixed spot, and their filaments have begun to grow, the latter possess an inherent power of moving about within a given distance. This family of plants is also interesting inasmuch as they afford examples of the simplest conditions of vegetable structure. The great mass of them are an advance upon such plants as the red snow,—in which a single cell goes through the whole of the phases of vegetable life; but they are nothing more than a congeries of cells, each of which has the same structure and performs the same functions. It is on this account that the phenomena of cell-life may be more easily observed in these plants than in the higher forms, where the tissues are formed into distinct organs,—each organ performing a special function.

Mr. Hassall has devoted a considerable portion of his volumes to the consideration of the general structure and physiology of the Confervæ. His remarks may be consulted with advantage; but they are very incomplete:—and his hypotheses of the functions of some parts of the plants are wholly deficient in analogy even with facts that are better known. His limited knowledge, also, of what has been done by others has evidently betrayed him into the belief that what he describes has not been seen before. Thus, it has been known for years that some of the Confervæ present in their interior an organ resembling, in many points, the cytoblast of Schleiden. This organ was first described, with great minuteness, by Meyen, in the 'Linnæa' for 1827. Ehrenberg devoted considerable attention to it in his 'Infusions-thierchen;' and other observers have noticed it since. But Mr. Hassall does not seem to be aware of any of these observations. In fact, he says that cytoblasts "have not as yet, so far as I can learn, been noticed in any species of Algæ." He admits, however, subsequently, that, according to a paper by Kützing on the same subject, "Meyen had also previously observed it;—where, however, this is recorded," he says, "I cannot ascertain." Now, Meyen has written, independently of his various papers, one of the most comprehensive works we possess on vegetable physiology; and if Mr. Hassall had only consulted this text-book, he would have found,

not only most of his own observations, but a great many more of a highly interesting kind on the structure and functions of the fresh-water Algæ.

The remarkable character of these cytoblasts of Schleiden and central organs of Meyen has produced much speculation with regard to their functions:—most writers assigning to them a function beyond that of the cytoblast of other tissues. Mr. Hassall regards it, in their case, as in the first place a stomach, and, in the second a fertilizing organ. It is in this theory of their functions that we would point out the want of analogy with other observations. No notion that we have of a stomach could possibly apply to a body seated, as this central organ is, in the midst of a vegetable cell;—nor has Mr. Hassall brought forward any evidence to prove that this organ becomes subsequently a fertilizing one. Neither can we convince ourselves that the stellate projections from this central organ, or the spiral fibrilliform bodies which communicate with them, are tubes;—and which Mr. Hassall regards as a kind of circulating system, connected with the central organ or stomach.

In the systematic department, Mr. Hassall has described a large number of new species, and distributed them according to a plan of his own. We are not satisfied that the author has been careful enough in his observations to substantiate the species which he has described. His descriptions, also, in many places, are so lax as to afford no definitions at all. As an instance, let us take the first genus we prick into—Vesiculifera. *V. princeps* is described as having "filaments of the same diameter as those of *V. capillaris*." On turning to the description of *V. capillaris*, the filaments are said to be "of considerable diameter." Now, "considerable" may mean the one-hundredth of an inch, or a hundred feet, but we are nowhere told what it is.—The subsequent species of Vesiculifera are described in the same way.

The descriptions are accompanied by upwards of a hundred plates; which are a very valuable addition to the illustrations of the natural history of our island. Some of these are original; whilst many others are copied from the best authorities on the species of Confervæ. Although we have been compelled to find fault with some things in these volumes, we regard them as an important contribution to science. At the same time, we cannot but think that the author has done himself great injustice by bringing them out in so much haste as is evidently indicated. It is not improbable that a second edition will be required; and if so, we doubt not he will be careful to consult what both his own countrymen and foreigners have done in this department of inquiry—and, correct the blemishes which disfigure volumes otherwise very valuable.

Revelations of Austria. By M. Koubrakiewicz, Ex-Austrian Functionary. Edited by the Author of 'The Revelations of Russia,' &c. 2 vols. Newby.

THE author of this work, whoever he may be, is well suited with an editor in the author of 'The Revelations of Russia.' The hatred of the latter for the Austrian Emperor, "the Kaiser," is inferior only to that which he feels for the Tsar. So far, a kindred feeling brings them together;—but all is not harmony between them. The Pole has the weakness to find something good in the character and actions of Nicholas; and such ill-placed liberality raises the editor's blood to boiling pitch. Nevertheless, the author has some things to say in favour of the autocrat, which, in our judgment, the editor answers rather with raving than with

reason. Leaving the Pole and the Englishman, however, to settle the matter between them, we proceed, on the authority of this book, to notice a few of the more salient points in the character of the Kaiser, his government and people—more especially his vassal subjects of Galicia.

The animus which pervades these volumes is apparent from their very commencement. The Austrian Kaiser is announced as systematically a despot, and anxious to educate all the princes of his house in the hereditary family policy. The present emperor, we are told, when a young man, showed a disposition to use his own judgment, despite his father and Metternich:—and what was the result?—

"Being one day hunting, in company with his father, Mr. Metternich and other sportsmen, the Archduke Ferdinand narrowly escaped being killed, by a shot fired at him, but the assassin was never discovered. Another time an Austrian officer fired a pistol at him, within a few yards' distance, but he missed him. This man, when discovered, was found to have had an access of madness. Different reports were circulated in Galicia as to the true authors of these attempts, called *Austrian accidents*."

The Kaiser and his council are far more long-sighted, vigilant, and powerful for evil than is at all suspected. The best historians are, and have been, strangely blind to their doings. Who killed Henry IV. of France? The Kaiser, to be sure!—

"King Henry the Fourth of France proposed to wage war against Austria, and on the eve of his projected campaign was struck by a hand which some mysterious power had aimed against him. Austria was saved by the blow of a dagger. The people suspected the Kaiser and the Jesuits."

Who slew Gustavus Adolphus?—

"At the battle of Lutzen, Gustavus-Adolphus and his favourite the prince Lauenburg lost themselves, and fell into the hands of some Austrians in ambuscade, who massacred the king with sabre cuts and gun shots, but allowed his companion to pass safe and sound. The Prince of Lauenburg, who after this action repaired to Vienna, without loss of time, received from his Kaiser in recompense the command of the army of Silesia."

Napoleon, of course, was not the least illustrious of Austrian victims. Before his disastrous connexion with the family of Hapsburg—

"In his enterprises he consulted only his own intelligence and the welfare of France—his country; he distrusted all princes crowned by the grace of God; and was ever on his guard."

To push him from his seat, he was finally assailed—not by new armies—but by a woman. From the time of his marriage with the Arch-Duchess Maria-Louisa, we are told, he became the tool of the Austrian court:—

"As son-in-law to the Kaiser, ennobled, metamorphosed, and received within the pale of German aristocracy, he consulted aristocratic appearances, consulted his own interests, personal and dynastic; consented to restrain France within its former boundaries under Louis the Sixteenth, providing he was left upon his Imperial throne. He became the mere paladin of his wife, and sank into the position of the last of legitimate princes."

Most of our readers, like ourselves, may have some dim remembrance of a celebrated scene between Napoleon and Metternich, prior to the invasion of France in 1813,—wherein the latter distinctly proposed to join the Austrian troops to the French, if the former would surrender Italy and accept the Rhine as a boundary. This we are, of course, to suppose was a mere pretext to hide the real feeling of Francis. Still, we are at a loss to conceive by what steps Maria-Louisa, who seemed to be much better versed in the mysteries of millinery than in those of cabinets, contrived to effect her stupendous object:—and perhaps in a future edition either author or editor will favour us with a more complete "revelation."

The Kaiser is jealous not only of foreign

potentates, but also of his own subjects if they happen to have wealth and influence. But with the laws and tribunals at his disposal, he has little difficulty on that head. If he hears of a rich man in a humble condition of life, (and he is always on the look-out for such,) he either seizes his wealth without more ado, or orders the tribunals to accuse, imprison, and condemn him! If the intended victim be a man of family and influence, he is invited to court, caressed, loaded with honours,—and led into such a train of extravagance, for the entertainment of the Imperial family, as speedily ends in beggary. If he have the energy to retire in time to his patrimonial estate, he is followed by his Imperial friend, with a whole army of visitors; who will not budge an inch until, locust-like, they have devoured everything which he possesses. A process somewhat different was adopted with regard to Prince Esterhazy, but it answered quite as well:—"he was sent ambassador to England." And lest he should not spend money fast enough, he was provided with a special monitor and spy into the bargain:—

"Esterhazy, being a Hungarian, is too high-minded to accept a salary from his Emperor, and undertook to defray the expenses of his ambassadorship out of his private fortune; but, as Austrian policy mistrusts Hungarian, Italian, and Polish patriotism, care is taken to have him accompanied by an adviser of pure German origin, who watches over his actions, and reports them to the Government."

We, the people of England, have the misfortune to receive sundry hard blows from this doughty Pole. Why? Because we are the natural allies of despots all over the world,—and especially of the Hapsburg family. But our love of tyranny is even surpassed by our love of gain;—our first and greatest object being our own interest, at the expense of all other nations. How pleasantly the following shrewd paragraph is illustrated by our recent policy!—

"The policy of the British government, whether under a democratical, aristocratical, or monarchical form, will never be towards other states anything but commercial; and in this capacity it will become the interest of England, sooner or later, to impede the cultivation of the land by the white slaves of Austria and Russia, for the advantages of her land-holders, in the same manner that she opposes herself in the commercial interests to the manufacture of sugar by black slaves."

In other passages, he will not allow us to understand what civil freedom means. But then, we console ourselves by finding that the French are not a whit better off:—

"Yes, the real elements and basis of a representative government are wanting in France. It is in vain for this heroic and generous nation to overthrow the absolutism of the throne, and to proclaim a free government, as long as the hierarchy of the Romish clergy exists, whose organization is eminently despotic, and which is governed by a foreign despot, resident at Rome—as long as the priests look upon themselves as the ministers, or rather the grand viziers, of God, and absolute masters over the fate of those whom they call, in derision, children of God—as long as one half the electors, and the elected shall be composed of those so-called French citizens, who seem always happy to sacrifice the happiness of France for that of their new made King, France will never enjoy, for a continuance, the blessing of liberty."

From such examples of the temper and sagacity of these pages, most readers might be induced to proceed no further with its perusal. Yet, with all its spleen, exaggerations, and even fabrications, it contains something both to instruct and amuse. Despite himself, the author is compelled to acknowledge some good in the Austrian empire and in its chief.—Education, even of the lowest classes, is encouraged. There are schools in every parish for the peasantry, and instruction is gratuitous.

The higher schools and colleges, too, have the same advantage, wherever the pupils are unable to pay. It is worthy of notice that, Catholic as the people and government are, the task of instruction is not devolved on the priests,—who are, indeed, excluded from every responsible post.

Our author has seldom a good word for the Roman Catholics of Galicia; but he praises highly the Evangelical portion of the population,—whom he represents as equally distinguished by morals and good conduct. Of the Greek Catholics of the same province, he says,—

"It is remarked in Galicia that the united Greek Catholic priests are distinguished by their profound erudition; and that they value more the liberty and happiness of the people than the legitimacy of despotism, because they are married and have children, whose happiness they have more at heart than the interests of the throne. They even pretend to prove by experience, that those sworn to celibacy ought to be excluded from professorship and legislation."

According to our author, those of the Austrian subjects who inhabit the Slavonic provinces of the Empire are profoundly wretched—the Jews most of all.—"A quarter of a pound of bread, and one or two onions, with a little salt, constitute the daily food of nineteen out of twenty of the Austriaco-Polish Jews."—Even the Polish landowners are (so far as money is concerned) scarcely on the level of our commercial clerks:—

"A Polish nobleman who has but a single village, consisting of forty or fifty peasants' huts, with three or four thousand acres, with mills, ponds, and public houses upon them, is often not able to pay the schooling of his two sons. Out of one hundred proprietors, the property of ninety is seized, sequestered, or eventually sold to pay the taxes."

"It is scarcely known in Europe," says the author, "that from six to seven millions of German Austrians, having a Kaiser at their head, treat as their slaves nearly thirty-two millions of human beings, of another race than their own." Men whose cowardice or divisions thus put them at the mercy of a comparative handful of their fellows, are slaves by their own appointment, and scarcely deserve the sympathy of Europe.

In describing the oppressions of the Austrian government, the author doubtless exaggerates—perhaps invents. It is, indeed, true that the Slavonian population is far from sharing equally in the advantages of the Germanic subjects of the Hapsburg dynasty, and that many invidious distinctions are made between them. It is equally true, that the two races have a strong dislike to each other,—a feeling abundantly shared by the administrative functionaries. To this cause, much more than to any undue partiality in the Imperial councils, must be ascribed no slight portion of the evils which afflict Galicia. On this subject, therefore, the author's statements must be received with extreme caution. When he writes about religious differences, we are more inclined to trust him,—and for this reason: he is avowedly a Deist, and at few pains to conceal his contempt for Christianity in every form. Whatever effect this circumstance might have upon the sale of his book in Paris, in London it will have an influence little expected either by him or the present editor.

An Historical and Statistical Account of the Isle of Man, from the earliest times to the present date; with a view of its Ancient Laws, Peculiar Customs, and Popular Superstitions.

By Joseph Train. 2 vols. Douglas, Quiggin. THE author of the work before us has already been introduced to the public as the correspondent from whom Sir Walter Scott received much traditional information, and many an old story, that supplied valuable materials for several of

his novels—his youth, having obtained abandoned. His inquiries directed to a native shire appointed Douglas; suggestions compiling a for which him; and work.

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his novels—particularly 'Old Mortality.' In his youth, Mr. Train cultivated poetry; but, having obtained a situation in the Excise, he abandoned the Muses for antiquarian research. His inquiries of this kind were especially directed to the history and antiquities of his native shire, Galloway. Late in life, he was appointed one of the supervisors at Castle Douglas; and, while there, encouraged by the suggestions of Sir Walter Scott, he set about compiling a history of the Isle of Man—a labour for which his previous habits well qualified him; and which has resulted in the present work.

Singularly enough, the history of the Isle of Man is not to be learnt from English history—and only for a short period from Scottish. It appears to have been colonized by the ancient Britons; and subsequently to have formed part of the Kingdom of North Wales. Early in the tenth century, it became the property of the Viking Gorree; from the hands of whose descendants it passed, in 1077, into those of Goddard Crovan, son of the King of Iceland. His descendants reigned there, until Magnus, dying, childless, in 1265, closed the line of Norwegian kings. The island next became the property of Scotland;—Man and the Hebrides being ceded by the King of Norway to King Alexander, "for 4,000 marks sterling of the Roman standard," in 1266. It was soon afterwards taken by the English; and eventually became the property of the Earl of Salisbury—who, in 1344, was solemnly crowned King of Man and the Isles. Fifty years later, the Isle passed, by sale, to Sir William le Scrope; "who bought of William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, the Isle of Man, with the title of king, and the right of being crowned with a golden crown." Six years after, Sir William le Scrope having been executed for treason, Henry IV. granted the Isle to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. From him it was soon taken, and granted to Sir John de Stanley—in whose family it continued from 1406 to 1736; when the sovereignty passed to the Duke of Athol. In 1765, it was purchased by government, and annexed to the British crown.

An island which has passed under the rule of so many different nations, and remained separated in great measure from the civilized world, must necessarily retain many a superstition and ancient usage to be sought for in vain elsewhere. To these, as well as to the very curious laws by which Man is still governed, Mr. Train has paid great attention; and he has supplied some very interesting information respecting them. The chief antiquities of the island belong to Celtic and Norwegian times. Tumuli are numerous,—some of them of very large size:—"Cronck-ny-maroo" being forty feet long by twenty broad; while "Cronck-na-moar,"—or, as it is also called by the inhabitants, "the fairy hill,"—is "a truncated cone, nearly forty feet high, and upwards of four hundred in diameter. Its summit forms an area of twenty-five feet square, surrounded by elevated edges in the form of a parapet five feet high." As this huge mound is surrounded by the remains of a fosse, it was most probably an artificial hill-fort—and the work, doubtless, of the earliest inhabitants. Cromlechs and cairns are also of frequent occurrence. One, opened by Dr. Oswald, contained three small urns, placed on a kind of tessellated pavement of pebbles;—a proof that it must be referred to the period of Britain under the Romans. In the kist-vaens, however, sometimes found beneath the cairns, the skeleton has been discovered "with the thigh bones folded on the breast." This marks the mode of sepulture of the very earliest period; when the body was consigned to its "stone chest" in a sitting posture,

with the arms clasped round the knees. The sepulchral monuments of the Scandinavian period are principally rude blocks, of a somewhat pyramidal form;—in most instances uninscribed, but sometimes bearing Runic inscriptions, and very rude attempts at sculpture.

"High places" were the chosen sites of Druidical worship; and many artificial hills are still to be found in various parts of our land, which, from their vicinity to Druidical remains, were doubtless used for such purpose. There are some in the Isle of Man; and the most important of these, called in the Manks tongue, "Cronk Keeillown"—"The Hill of St. John's Church"—has been celebrated for many centuries as the Tynwald, or Judicial, Hill:—

"This ancient mound is of a circular form. It was formerly surrounded by a wall about a hundred yards in circumference. The approach to the top is by a flight of steps, directly facing the ancient chapel of Saint John's, to which there is a spacious road of approach from the foot of the mound. There are three circular grass seats or benches below the summit, which are regularly advanced three feet above each other.—The circumference of the lowest is about eighty yards; there is a proportionable diminution of the circumference and width of the two higher; the diameter of the top is six feet. From its great antiquity, and the many historical events with which its name is associated, the Tynwald Hill must always be considered an interesting object. In the year 1229, a great battle was fought at the Tynwald Hill, which decided the contest between Reginald and Olave, the sons of King Goddard, for the crown of Man; and in 1238, Dugal, Maol Mhuise, and Joseph, deputies of King Harold, were slain there, in a contest with Lauchlan, the king's viceroy; but it derives its principal celebrity from being the place where the laws of the Island have been promulgated from an unknown period of antiquity."

Of Middle-Age remains there are few. Peel Castle, however, is interesting; both as being the place haunted by the "Maute Doog"—"The Spectre Hound of Man"—and as the prison to which Elinor Cobham, wife of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, was consigned, after her penance, on the charge of compassing the king's death by means of sorcery. She was sent thither in 1447; and, notwithstanding many attempts to liberate her, died there, after several years' captivity. In Waldron's time, it was an article of the firmest belief "that, ever since her death, to this hour, a person is heard to go up and down the stone stairs every night, as soon as the clock strikes twelve. The conjecture is, that it is the troubled sprite of this lady." The Castle of Rushen is still in good preservation:—that of Elsinore is said to be an exact resemblance of it. The statutes for the garrison in 1422, and the table of their allowances, are curious. This castle, too, has its ghost,—a lady in black, who passes in and out of the castle-gates, although locked and bolted; but who she is, the inhabitants have not determined.

Druidism seems to have flourished in the Isle of Man; its central situation, in respect to Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, probably pointing it out as a convenient gathering-place for the ministers of that religion. A school appears to have been established here; for we find that the kings of Scotland, at an early period, sent their sons hither for education.—Many Druidical superstitions linger among the Manksmen. The first of May, and the first of November, are strictly kept by them; and the fires are lighted in careful accordance with Druidical usage:—

"The Manks likewise place great reliance on fire protecting them from the influence of evil spirits. 'Not a family in the whole Island, of natives, but keeps a fire constantly burning; no one daring to depend on his neighbour's vigilance in a thing which he imagines is of so much importance,—and

every one firmly believing that, if it should ever happen that no fires were to be found throughout the Island, the most terrible revolutions and mischiefs would immediately ensue."

The following are, also, amongst the Manks customs and superstitions:—

"On New Year's day, an old custom is still partially observed, called the *Quaalagh*. In almost every parish throughout the Island, a party of young men go from house to house singing the rhyme, of which the following is a translation:—

Again we assemble, a merry New Year
To wish to each one of the family here,
Whether man, woman, or girl, or boy,
That long life and happiness, all may enjoy.
May they of potatoes and herrings have plenty,
With butter and cheese and each other daintily,
And may their sleep never, by night or by day,
Be disturbed by even the tooth of a flea,
Until at the Quaalagh again we appear
To wish you, as now, all a happy New Year!

When these lines are repeated at the door, the whole party are invited into the house to partake of the best the family can afford. On these occasions a person of dark complexion always enters first, as a light-haired male or female is deemed unlucky to be a first-foot or quaalagh on New Year's morning. The actors of the quaalagh do not assume fantastic habiliments like the Mumpers of England or the Guisards of Scotland, nor do they, like these rude performers of the ancient mysteries, appear ever to have been attended by minstrels playing on different kinds of musical instruments. It would be considered a most grievous affair were the person who first sweeps the floor on New Year's morning to brush the dust to the door, instead of beginning at the door and sweeping the dust to the hearth, as the good fortune of the family individually would thereby be considered to be swept from the house for that year. On New Year's eve, in many of the upland cottages, it is yet customary for the housewife, after raking the fire for the night, and just before stepping into bed, to spread the ashes smooth over the floor with the tongs, in the hope of finding in it, next morning, the track of a foot; should the toes of this ominous print point towards the door, then, it is believed, a member of the family will die in the course of that year; but should the heel of the fairy foot point in that direction, then, it is as firmly believed, that the family will be augmented within the same period. On the eve of the first day of February, a festival was formerly kept, called, in the Manks language, *Laa'l Breeshey*, in honour of the Irish lady who went over to the Isle of Man to receive the veil from St. Maughold. The custom was to gather a bundle of green rushes, and standing with them in the hand on the threshold of the door, to invite the holy Saint Bridget to come and lodge with them that night. In the Manks language, the invitation ran thus:—"Brede, Brede, tar gys my thie, tar dyn thie aysms noight. Foshil jee yn dorrys da Brede, as thig da Brede e heet staigh." In English:—"Bridget, Bridget, come to my house, come to my house to-night. Open the door for Bridget, and let Bridget come in." After these words were repeated, the rushes were strewn on the floor by way of a carpet or bed for St. Bridget. A custom very similar to this was also observed in some of the Out-Isles of the ancient kingdom of Man. * * Good Friday, which is considered the anniversary of the crucifixion of our Saviour, is, in some instances, superstitiously regarded in the Island. No iron of any kind must be put into the fire on that day, and even the tongs are laid aside, lest any person should unfortunately forget this custom and stir the fire with them; by way of substitute a stick of the rowan tree is used. To avoid also the necessity of hanging the griddle over the fire, lest the iron of it should come in contact with a spark or flame, a large bannock or soddog is made, with three corners, and baked on the hearth. On May-eve, the juvenile branches of nearly every family in the Island gathered primroses, and strewed them before the doors of their dwellings, to prevent the entrance of the fairies on that night. It was quite a novel sight to a stranger to the custom to see this delicate flower plentifully arranged at the door of every house he might pass, particularly in the towns, on the night in question or early on the following morning. This custom is at present almost abandoned; indeed, it was continued to a late date more through the habit and amusement of children,

field from which our forefathers might have gathered a goodly crop.

No one who has made the manners, customs, observances, superstitions, ballads, proverbs, &c., of the olden time his study, but must have arrived at two conclusions:—the first, how much that is curious and interesting in these matters is now entirely lost—the second, how much may yet be rescued by timely exertion. What Hone endeavoured to do in his 'Every-Day Book,' &c., the *Athenæum*, by its wider circulation, may accomplish ten times more effectually—gather together the infinite number of minute facts, illustrative of the subject I have mentioned, which are scattered over the memories of its thousands of readers, and preserve them in its pages, until some James Grimm shall arise who shall do for the Mythology of the British Islands the good service which that profound antiquary and philologist has accomplished for the Mythology of Germany. The present century has scarcely produced a more remarkable book, imperfect as its learned author confesses it to be, than the second edition of the 'Deutsche Mythologie;' and, what is it?—a mass of details, many of which, when separately considered, appear trifling and insignificant,—but, when taken in connexion with the system into which his master-mind has woven them, assume a value that he who first recorded them never dreamed of attributing to them.

How many such facts would one word from you evoke, from the north and from the south—from John o'Groat's to the Land's End! How many readers would be glad to show their gratitude for the notation which you, from week to week, communicate to them, by forwarding to you some record of old Time—some recollection of a now neglected custom—some fading legend, local tradition, or fragmentary ballad!

Nor would such communications be of service to the English antiquary alone. The connexion between the Folk-Lore of England (remember I claim the honour of introducing the epithet Folk-Lore, as Dureau does of introducing Father-Land, into the literature of this country) and that of Germany is so intimate that such communications will probably serve to enrich some future edition of Grimm's Mythology.

Let me give you an instance of this connexion.—In one of the chapters of Grimm, he treats very fully of the parts which the Cuckoo plays in Popular Mythology—of the prophetic character with which it has been invested by the voice of the people; and gives many instances of the practice of deriving predictions from the number of times which its song is heard. He also records a popular notion, "that the Cuckoo never sings till he has thrice eaten his fill of cherries." Now, I have lately been informed of a custom which formerly obtained among children in Yorkshire, that illustrates the fact of a connexion between the Cuckoo and the Cherry,—and that, too, in their prophetic attributes. A friend has communicated to me that children in Yorkshire were formerly (and may be still) accustomed to sing round a cherry-tree the following invocation:—

Cuckoo, Cherry-tree,
Come down and tell me
How many years I have to live.

Each child then shook the tree,—and the number of cherries which fell betokened the years of its future life.

The Nursery Rhyme which I have quoted, is, I am aware, well known. But the manner in which it was applied is not recorded by Hone, Brande, or Ellis—and is one of those facts, which, trifling in themselves, become of importance when they form links in a great chain—one of those facts which a word from the *Athenæum* would gather in abundance for the use of future inquirers into that interesting branch of literary antiquities,—our Folk-Lore.

AMBROSE MERTON.

P.S.—It is only honest that I should tell you I have long been contemplating a work upon our 'Folk-Lore' (under that title, mind Messrs. A, B, and C,—do not try to forestall me);—and I am personally interested in the success of the experiment which I have, in this letter, albeit imperfectly, urged you to undertake.

We have taken some time to weigh the suggestion of our correspondent—desirous to satisfy ourselves

that any good of the kind which he proposes could be effected in such space as we are able to spare from the many other demands upon our columns; and having before our eyes the fear of that shower of trivial communication which a notice in conformity with his suggestion is too likely to bring. We have finally decided that, if our antiquarian correspondents be earnest and well-informed, and subject their communications to the condition of having something worthy to communicate, we may—now that the several antiquarian societies have brought their meetings, for the season, to a close—at once add to the amusement of a large body of our readers and be the means of effecting some valuable salvage for the future historian of old customs and feelings, within a compass that shall make no unreasonable encroachment upon our columns. With these views, however, we must announce to our future contributors under the above head, that their communications will be subjected to a careful sifting—both as regards value, authenticity, and novelty; and that they will save both themselves and us much unnecessary trouble if they will refrain from offering any facts or speculations which do not at once need recording and deserve it. Brevity will be always a recommendation—where there are others; and great length in any article will, of necessity, exclude it, even where its merits would recommend. The cases will be very rare in which an article should exceed a couple of our columns,—and the exception can be only when the article itself will bear dividing without injury. But notices much shorter will always be more welcome—and, in fact, extent will be, on all occasions, an important element in our estimate of the admissibility of a communication. We will hint, also, to our correspondents, that we should, in each case, prefer receiving (though we do not make it absolute as a rule,) the confidential communication of the writer's real name and address.

DR. BOSTOCK.

AMONG the deaths recorded in the public obituaries of the last fortnight, will be found that of Dr. Bostock; whose name has been long associated with the progress of Medical and general Science. He was a native of Liverpool; and was the only child of Dr. Bostock—who, after a bright but very brief career of practice in that town, was cut off at an early age, in 1774. The subject of the present notice was born in 1773.

Under the immediate tuition of Dr. Priestley, Dr. Black, Dr. Monro, and Dr. Hope, he became imbued with an enthusiastic love of science—more especially as connected with Physiology and the practice of Medicine. Having graduated at Edinburgh, in 1794, he settled in his native town; where he was distinguished by a successful practice, and by the most active encouragement of the local charities and literary institutions. He removed to London in 1817,—influenced chiefly by the larger facilities afforded by the metropolis for the prosecution of his favourite study, and for enjoying the society of his scientific friends. To those already mentioned he was now able to add the illustrious names of Davy, Wollaston and Young.—Here, he finally renounced the practice of Physic, and devoted himself entirely to literary and scientific pursuits.

Prior to this period, Dr. Bostock had contributed many important articles to Brewster's Encyclopædia, and to most of the leading journals; and he now proceeded to publish his Elementary System of Physiology—a work of great importance, containing the first connected view of the science put forward in this country. The third and last edition was published in 1837. He afterwards wrote a History of Medicine,—which forms part of the Introduction to the 'Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine.' His other writings are very numerous: but it is not possible, in a brief Memoir, to enumerate the titles even of all his separate publications—to say nothing of his contributions to the cyclopædias and leading journals of London and Edinburgh. Since his residence in London, he has been associated with most of the scientific bodies, there; and has taken an active share in the management of many. In 1826, he was president of the Geological Society;—in 1832, one of the vice-presidents of the Royal Society;—and several times he has been on the councils of the Linnean, Zoological, Horticultural, and Medico-

Chirurgical Societies, as well as of the Royal Society of Literature.

In a word, Dr. Bostock may be said to have held a prominent position among those who have, in our day, united their energies in the advancement of Medical and Physical Science. In private life he was respected and beloved. He was at all times equally ready to impart the overflowings of his sensitive and affectionate heart, and the varied stores with which his intelligent mind abounded.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

August 17.

As you were pleased to give a valuable publicity to my plans for the amelioration of the "Scientific Business" of the Zoological Society, and are still zealously fanning the smouldering embers of artistic and literary association, I write to inform you of the impotent result of my "motion" on the inflexible sensibilities of the Council.

Having given "notice," agreeably to the conditions of the bye-laws, the matter was presented for discussion at the last general meeting; and I lament to say that the "motion," which was introduced in a most conciliatory spirit of courtesy, as a *pro forma* recommendation to the Council, was replied to by the Secretary, with a copy of the *Athenæum* in his hand, in a coarse desultory attack upon my reputation and motives.

In consequence of a friendly remonstrance as to the difficulty of procuring the services of a person competent to carry my plans into execution, I zealously volunteered to devote a portion of my own time (a sacrifice which my daily avocations in business would not allow me to make without great inconvenience) to the benefit of the Scientific Business; believing that my experience in the practical routine of Natural History publications, and daily intercourse with zoologists, might be of service:—and I further suggested that a considerable portion of the emolument should be expended in works on zoology for the library.

After charging me with misrepresenting the affairs of the Society, with raising this agitation from unworthy motives, with being "Professor Owen's mouth-piece," and other similar indignities,—the Secretary moved, as an amendment, "that the matter be left to the consideration of the Council;" and there being a majority of Council present,—for members rarely attend the general meetings,—the amendment was, of course, carried.

And so ends this eventful history, verifying, in a singular manner, the passages quoted from one of your correspondents, in my letter to the President:

There is always in London a large number of educated gentlemen, possessing the advantages of wealth and station, who are glad to devote some of their vacant hours to the light employment furnished by Societies instituted for the advancement of learning. * * These gentlemen are not indifferent to the advantages of the social eminence attainable by a connexion with science and literature. They are ready to go on the Council of any association; and when there, they endeavour to induce men of rank to join them.

* * Of such materials is composed many a Learned Council, in which we find every desirable qualification except an immediate interest in, and close acquaintance with, the matter in hand. Such a Council looks to the Secretary for information and suggestion,—and he is well pleased to guide them; so that there arises insensibly a compact between the parties,—the one taking all the power, the other all the homage. * * In a Council so constituted, an independent mind, intent on working out the ends for which the Society was designed, is soon found to be a heterogeneous element. Anything like earnestness or zeal, united with competent knowledge, is wholly irreconcilable with the fundamental conditions of this vicious system. It cannot manifest itself without disturbing the Secretary's repose.

LOVELL REEVE.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

WE have received from Mr. Wright the following letter, on the subject of the communication which appeared, in behalf of the Gloucestershire Society, in our paper of last week. We insert it, of course;—having, for ourselves, no interest to serve, in the matter, but the cause which the archaeologists are assumed to have, all, at heart,—and the truth in reference to any differences that may, unhappily, arise amongst them.

August 17.

I have just seen a "statement" in your last number purporting to come from members of the Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, or, at least, to be made on their part, relating to circumstances of recent occurrence at Gloucester. As my own name is there introduced, and as I feel that you

yourself would wish to be corrected in anything you may have stated wrong. I take the liberty of informing you that the statement which has been sent to you is altogether incorrect. It is not true, Sir, that Messrs. Guise, Niblet, and Gomonde waited upon Mr. Croker, Mr. Smith, and myself, on the Saturday, on the subject of requiring an *amende* from Mr. Pettigrew for the imaginary affronts there spoken of. I went down to the Shire Hall, about the hour of meeting; and found the three gentlemen just mentioned waiting for the meeting to begin. They spoke to me, as one who had been striving during the whole week to be courteous and conciliatory to everybody,—and mentioned Mr. Guise's intention of bringing the matter forward; at the same time that, as I understood them, they said they would be content if Mr. Pettigrew would say anything from the chair showing his kindly feeling towards the Gloucester Antiquaries, and that he had no intention of offending them. I think the whole tone of his speeches, on that occasion, amounted fully to this. I openly stated my opinion,—and at least one of them agreed in it,—that Mr. Pettigrew had done nothing at all for which anybody had a right to call for an apology.

With regard to Mr. Niblet,—the day on which it had been publicly announced, in a printed programme, that, after Mr. Cresy's paper on the Cathedral, the party were to adjourn to visit the building itself, under Mr. Cresy's guidance, Mr. Niblet stepped in, after Mr. Cresy had closed his paper, with some observations on a monastic chronicle,—from which he began reading extracts in Latin,—and which he had never announced to the secretaries his intention of bringing forward. He was going on in such a hesitating manner, that, I believe, most of his hearers lost their patience,—anxious as they were to go to the Cathedral; and Mr. Pettigrew, perhaps abruptly, suggested that the chronicle appeared to be of too much importance to pass over in such a manner, and that it would be well to print it entire. Everybody appeared to me to think that Mr. Pettigrew's interruption was a kind act.

With regard to the Cheltenham affair you are totally misinformed. Mr. Gomonde was never invited to preside; he did not go into the chair at the meeting, and was, consequently, not turned out of it. Mr. Smith, unofficially, in the intention of marking his own private respect to Mr. Gomonde, had incautiously said that he should be pleased to see that gentleman in the chair. It appears that Mr. Gomonde had formed, upon this, an expectation that he was going to preside,—and that this notion had, totally unknown to us at Gloucester, been spread about Cheltenham. I called upon Mr. Gomonde, about a quarter of an hour before the time of meeting,—and first heard of it from his lips. I, immediately, hurried to Mr. Pettigrew; who gave me reasons why he thought it would be irregular for Mr. Gomonde to preside, and a precedent which we ought not to make. I, then, sought Mr. Gomonde,—whom I found in conversation with Mr. Crofton Croker,—and he said that he had heard the explanation, and was satisfied,—and told Mr. Smith that it was his intention to support Mr. Pettigrew in the chair. Mr. Pettigrew, without any opposition from anybody, took the chair,—the first paper was read,—and a discussion took place upon it. Mr. Gomonde then (I think judiciously) rose to explain (so I understood him) why he was not in the chair,—as expected by his Cheltenham friends; and, in so doing, fell into observations which led to more words than ought to have occurred on such a subject,—and did say that he declined reading his paper. But your correspondent has omitted to inform you that he did read his paper afterwards; and I heard him say that he was sorry for all that had occurred, and would think no more about it. Mr. Niblet also made communications to the meeting during the week, and took a part in all its proceedings;—and Mr. Pettigrew and others took several occasions of complimenting them both warmly.

I would merely add that your correspondent is not justified in correcting the statement of the morning papers as to the time which elapsed between Mr. Pettigrew's leaving the chair and his being called back again. Mr. Pettigrew had left the chair more than one minute, certainly, when Mr. Guise began. Mr. Guise had done speaking, and Mr. Roach Smith, who happened to be in the room, was answering him, when Mr. Pettigrew, hearing a noise, came back. *

Almost every sentence of the statement of your correspondent is equally incorrect; but I will not trespass too far on your room by correcting them any further. I have calculated on your love of justice for your willingness to receive correct information; and this only has induced me to offer these remarks on what I cannot but look upon as one of the most paltry and contemptible affairs that I ever saw dragged into print. As I have said nothing uncourteous or offensive to any one, I beg that you will do me the favour of inserting this letter in your next number.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

We have already said that, personally, we know nothing of the merits of this dispute; but must add, that we did not print such a letter as that of our Gloucestershire correspondent without having his name, and being aware that he was in a position for being perfectly informed of all the facts. Nor do we see in Mr. Wright's version any such variance from our former correspondent's history of those facts as to raise against either party the presumption of mis-statement. The *animus* of the transaction must, then, be looked to as having given that colouring which makes it show differently from differing points of feeling;—and the *animus* was, in fact, the offence of which our Gloucestershire correspondent complained. No series of facts, however seemingly trivial in themselves, can deserve the character of *paltry*, by which the sensibilities of men are needlessly wounded; and the more unimportant were the

points of difference, the less excusable is Mr. Pettigrew for having made them a subject of offence. One leading object of the metropolitan associations for the promotion of archaeological research has been, to excite a kindred spirit throughout the country, and do, by the local bodies, each on its own natural and convenient field of inquiry, what no central society can do so well by itself. Their annual visits have that object as their argument;—are designed, in fact, to keep alive the feeling of fraternity and collect local results. This purpose is defeated, if a spirit of assumption be carried down into the provincial sections. Gentlemen of fortune and character, who have devoted themselves to the study of antiquities, will not bear to be domineered over on their own ground. Each one of these sections has "its foot upon its native heath,"—and is there an archaeological Macgregor. A reception of the head Society, for the purpose of exhibiting their local antiquities, will always be agreeable to such bodies; but an invasion of their department, which puts on feudal airs and displaces them before the eyes of their neighbours, will meet with resistance elsewhere than in Gloucestershire. The bringing down of a complete system of ready-made foreign officials—presidents, vice-presidents, and the entire hierarchy of the occasion—savours too much of an imposed superiority to be agreeable to earnest and independent gentlemen who have been accustomed to archaeological eminence, at least in their own district;—and provincial dignitaries will scarcely submit to have it insinuated that their character of *native* disqualifies them for holding office in the congressional government. If Mr. Pettigrew could doff his presidential hat (which, by the way, he wore himself only as lieutenant) to an M.P., it had no such exclusive fit as rendered it absolutely unsuitable to a Gloucestershire head. In a word, these affiliated bodies must not be treated by the parent associations as if they were not to open their mouths before their elders. We do not assume that this has been done, or intended, in the present instance; but a feeling to that effect the Association has left behind it in Gloucestershire;—and, once more, from that text, we would preach union and good feeling to the archaeologists, and a cordial and unselfish co-operation in the objects which give to their name its only meaning.

One passage of Mr. Wright's letter we have omitted;—for reasons which we feel satisfied Mr. Wright himself, on consideration, will approve. Had it contained a fact which could be grappled with—a definite charge against a definite person, who might thus have been left to his answer—we would have given insertion to it, as we did to the charges of our Gloucestershire correspondent and do now to Mr. Wright's answer. But, conveying a vague and general insinuation,—which, because it accuses no individual asperses a whole body, and, because it takes no shape cannot be repelled,—we have felt it but justice, both to Mr. Wright and ourselves, to exclude the paragraph in question from our publication.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Le Marché de Londres.

Paris.

SUCH is the title of a five-act drama now acting with great success at the Ambigu-Comique, at Paris,—and printed in a choice collection of modern pieces called *La France Dramatique au dix-neuvième Siècle*. After witnessing the performance of this drama, one feels inclined to address its author somewhat in this manner:—"Pray, sir, when does the diligence leave Paris for Calais? When does the ship sail from Calais to Dover? When does the wagon, or cart, or coach (or whatever the medium of conveyance may be), travel from Dover to London? I ask you these questions because I would recommend you, at the price of any trouble short of walking from Paris to Calais,—being obliged to swim across the Channel,—and making your way afoot from Dover to the capital (to say nothing of the risk of being robbed or murdered by the highwaymen who infest Blackheath and Shooter's Hill).—I would recommend you, I say, to pay a visit to London before you make it the scene of another play; and to acquaint yourself a little with English character, habits, manners and customs before you pretend to represent them. You

are, no doubt, a rapid observer;—a day would serve you for that purpose. Many a big book upon all these matters has been written by countrymen of yours after a not much longer acquaintance with them."—"Plait-il?" would he exclaim, with unaffected astonishment. "Plait-il? You talk to me about walking and swimming, and ships and waggon, now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, when, thanks to us, the French,—the inventors and first employers (as all the world knows) of railways—the original discoverers (as the world also knows) of the power of steam—the undoubted inventors of the steam-engine, and unquestionably the first to apply that machine to the purposes of navigation—when, thanks to us, I say, the distance between Paris and London may with ease be traversed in less than thirty hours. *Oui, monsieur*; and to prove to you that I know what I am talking about, I repeat it, that in less than thirty hours one may be in London,—entering it either by Edinburgh, Dublin, or Yorkshire, which, as of course I know, are its three principal *fauxbourgs*."—"Then, sir, without presuming to expect that you should implicitly receive my simple contradiction of what (of course) you know, I would merely suggest, that if you will take the trouble of making that little trip, you will find, upon inquiry, that Dublin, Edinburgh, and Yorkshire are no more the *fauxbourgs* of London than it is a matter of even possible occurrence for a Lord Mayor to take his wife to Smithfield and sell her, with a halberd about her neck, to the highest bidder!—Yet such is the leading incident of your drama."

Proceeding no further with this 'Imaginary Conversation,' nor attempting to give a regular analysis of the plot of this drama (which, as a drama, is in some respects not bad), I will select from it, for your entertainment, a few specimens of its author's notions of English manners and customs as existing at the present day. Where he could have acquired them it would perhaps be difficult to discover; but his blunders are so amusingly absurd, that one would be almost tempted to believe he has trusted for his information to some wicked friend, some *faux ami*, who, knowing something of the subject, has purposely misled him upon every point,—who, in fact, has been *hoaxing* him.

On the raising of the curtain, is seen the interior of a large manufactory (of what we are not informed, nor does that much signify), with a steam-engine in full operation and a large number of workmen variously employed. The proprietor of this manufactory is Lord Ashton; who, with a modesty common to English noblemen, prefers, however, to be called Sir John Maurice.—"*car c'est le nom qu'il affectionne*;"—a matter of taste, the indulgence in which is among the smallest privileges of the English nobility. So sensitive, indeed, is his lordship upon this point, that he, by-and-bye, bestows a dignified rebuke upon Sir Edgard, who has the assurance to address him as "Lord Ashton."—"Sir Maurice, tout court, si vous le voulez bien."—"True, I forgot," says Sir Edgard. His Lordship Sir Maurice is absent on a visit to his mines at Glasgow, but momentarily expected home; for it is here, at his manufactory in the City—somewhere, it seems, close to the East India Docks at Blackwall (or Blackwood, as the French author more accurately has it)—that the noble baronet resides. The house, however, is in good keeping; for he has left behind him the foreman and the overseer—two brothers, Richard and Simon Davis—the former being the hero of the piece. Presently, Sir Maurice appears, bringing with him his two wards, Miss Lucy Stendhal, daughter of the late Lady Stendhal,—and who is afterwards wedded at Smithfield,—and Miss Anna Strafford, daughter of the late Lady Strafford—Strafford, "a name at once illustrious and without reproach." And where does he bring them from? He brings them home to his house in the City, from their boarding-school in London.—"*un des premiers pensionnats de Londres*." Soon, Sir Maurice is informed that Richard Davis has contrived some improvement in the machinery, whereby its speed is increased and the chances of its explosion are diminished. He cannot be less than grateful; for, by this improvement, his fortune, which is already one of the largest in the City, will rapidly be doubled: so he at once takes the two brothers—the foreman and overseer, into partnership,—which, as Richard acknowledges, is to make of them "a

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hommes d'un seul coup." Besides this, Sir Maurice gives all his workmen a half-holiday, and a trifle each to drink his health—only fifty pounds a-piece! "*cinquante livres sterling à chacun!*" I should have expected more from the liberality of a British manufacturer. However, the workmen will manage, no doubt, to get through their afternoon pleasantly enough at the Albion or the Clarendon, and will be made to drink their master's health in bumpers of Claret and Burgundy: for, in the course of the drama, we find a party of men of fashion—"plusieurs dandies"—amongst whom are Sir Edward Mortimer (or Sir Mortimer, or Lord Mortimer, as he is indifferently called) and Sir Herbert (Sir Herbert "*tout court*," as Lord Ashton says) smoking pipes, and giving toasts over their ale and porter, at the tavern at Blackwood.

Quite as English as all this is what follows. An important character in the piece is a gentleman, lately arrived at Blackwood, from Calcutta. His name is HARRY—nothing else—Harry "*tout court*." Being weary of his life, he intends to put an end to it (English enough),—and (more English still) deliberately confides his intention to his servant, whose name (doubly English) is Tom-Bob. As, in the scene in which this occurs, the author touches with equal truth upon two English customs, suicide and wife-selling, I will give a short extract from it:—

"Harry. Well, my poor lad, existence is a burthen to me, and I will put an end to it.

"Tom-Bob. (*calmly*.) Ah!

"Harry. Before we part, have you anything to request of me?

"Tom-Bob. Yes, sir, yes. I would ask you—

"Harry. You want money?

"Tom-Bob. Yes, sir; but it will be well applied: intend to commence house-keeping.

"Harry. You are about to take a wife?

"Tom-Bob. O, dear! no, sir! I am going to buy one.

"Harry. Buy one!

"Tom-Bob. You are astonished! But that is natural enough: you were not brought up, as I have been, in London. You have no idea of English civilization.

"Harry. Explain yourself.

"Tom-Bob. Thus it is, sir: when I went to India, two years ago, I was in love with Kitty—an angel!—who happens just now to be for sale.

"Harry. For sale! And who sells her?

"Tom-Bob. Who? Her husband. When one is tired of his house or his horse, he sells it. Just the same with one's wife.

"Harry. One's wife? Impossible!

"Tom-Bob. Fact. Pure English civilization! Kitty is to be sold,—so I shall go and buy her. (*Holds out his hand.*)

"Harry. (*gives money.*) Will that be enough to pay for Mistress Kitty?

"Tom-Bob. O, this would buy four! They never go very high: five or six shillings at the utmost."

The sale takes place at Blackwall, in the city, in presence of Sir Mortimer and his party of "Dandies," a crowd of people, and Harry: and Mistress Kitty being sold by her husband, Peter-

path (a name eminently English), and bought, and solemnly paid for, by Tom-Bob, Mistress Kitty—so frequent must be the occurrence of scenes of the kind in England, and so slight the repugnance, if any, excited by them—is immediately taken into the service of an English lady, to officiate—as a scullion? a kitchen drudge? no—as her own personal attendant!

But listen to the virtuous and horror-stricken Harry, from Calcutta:—"And this is the people among whom I was so nearly being obliged to live! This is that England so haughty, so proud of herself! My God! Why hast thou brought me hither?"

A sad event for so sensitive a gentleman, certainly!—but, as he goes on to inform us that he has only a little job or two to do, which an hour or so will accomplish, and that then "*tout sera fini pour moi*," the brevity of his sufferings greatly diminishes our compassion for them.

But he does not *Wertherize*, after all. At Blackwood, in the city, he gets into a quarrel with Sir Mortimer, a man of fashion (who informs us that his mansion is only a step or two off), and a challenge is the consequence. They agree to meet with pistols at four o'clock of that very afternoon. And

which is the solitary spot selected where a duel may be fought at 4 P.M.? Wormwood Scrubs?—No. Wimbledon Common?—Guess again. Salisbury Plain?—No:—ST. JAMES'S PARK! And there, in that wood ("*dans ce bois*"), his coat on one side, pistols on the other, surrounded by "*les débris d'un duel*," is poor Harry, lying severely wounded, found by a young lady who is out for an afternoon's drive, and who humanely takes him home in her carriage. An afternoon duel in St. James's Park! "This is the most unkindest cut of all." This is too bad of the author's wicked *farceur* of a friend. This is hoaxing with a vengeance. Surely he must know, and ought to have told, that none are allowed to fight, with pistols, in St. James's Park after twenty-two minutes past nine A.M.:—Prince Albert, Mr. O'Connell, Lord Brougham, Ministers holding Portfolios, Mr. Cobden, the illustrious Widdicombe, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Foreign Ambassadors, the Judges, and the Duke of Wellington excepted. And he might have added that, even then, the two entrances into the Park—namely, the Tower of London and Carisbrook Castle—are closed, to prevent the admission of the crowds of nursery-maids and children who otherwise would be there, taking their *rosbif* and porter, and amusing themselves with the swings, roundabouts, rocking-horses, and puppet-shows with which the place abounds.

Verily, of all Cockneys a Parisian Cockney is the most thoroughly Cockneyed! He sees the whole world through his Parisian spectacles:—Paris is the only portion of it with which he is in any way acquainted. Let him assume to make Mont Blanc his scene of action, a hundred to one but he will present you with the picture of a *guinguette* on Montmartre:—so, treating his audience to a duel, in broad daylight, in St. James's Park, it is clear that his imagination has never carried him further from his *Boulevard du Temple* than to the *Bois de Boulogne*. What would be said of an English writer, who should make *Père la Chaise* the scene of a *fête champêtre*, ending with a *bat masqué*, and fire-works?—or (to illustrate more closely the St. James's Park *gaucherie*) who should choose for the ground of a duel the gardens of the *Tuileries*, and the spot under the very windows of a royal palace?

But—having first asked another question—I will proceed to the grand scene—the sale—aye, and (in auctioneer phraseology) of "a very important property, shortly to be submitted to public competition." My question is this: Is there anything peculiarly characteristic of the daughters of English pilots? The scene, observe, is a drawing-room, not a ship at sea,—or a reasonable answer might suggest itself. A young lady—Miss Alice—in defiance of a threatening gesture, exclaims, "I am not to be alarmed—I am a pilot's daughter!" ("*Je suis fille de pilote!*") No doubt, the author flatters himself that this trait is quite as English as any other in the piece,—and so it may be; but as, "Gads me, I don't quite see the wit on't," I will endeavour to enlighten myself on the point at my next visit to that great resort of pilots, Dover.

And now, to the grand scene,—*le marché de Smithfield*. "On the rising of the curtain, the stage presents the appearance of a very busy market (*un marché très animé*.)" Richard Davis who, for many months past has been married to Miss Lucy Stendhal, is now Sir Davis, M.P., and Lord Mayor elect! Believing that he has good reason for suspecting his wife's fidelity, he resolves to take the course common under such circumstances (especially with M.P.'s and Lord Mayors elect) of selling his lady at Smithfield for the most she will bring. Accordingly, to Smithfield he takes her. The market is crowded with people. No wonder:—a Lady Mayoress to be sold to the highest bidder! How would the eloquence of Messrs. Christie & Manson, or of my friend Mr. W. Simpson, have been excited, had they been "instructed to dispose, without reserve, of a Lady Mayoress elect,—the property of a gentleman about to relinquish house-keeping. May be viewed on the day, and at the place, of sale."—My late ubiquitous friend, Tom Hill, would have managed, somehow or other, to get a ticket for the private view.—But Sir Davis is his own auctioneer. In the course of a scene, most admirably acted, I must say, by Madame Guyon,—as, indeed, is the whole of the part,—Sir Richard puts up the lot in form following:—"Gentlemen,

my name is Sir Richard Davis—here stands the daughter of Lady Stendhal:—"and presently, throwing a halter across Lady Davis's shoulders, he continues, "this woman is for sale!"

Sir Mortimer rushes from among the crowd, and cries "A thousand pounds sterling! . . . No higher bidder! (*Personne ne couvre l'enchère.*)" Then the woman is mine." But ere the lot is knocked down—though, seeing that it was to be chanced with all defects (the seller having honestly put her up as a "*femme adultère*")—Sir Mortimer's bidding seemed calculated to defy competition—a competitor does, nevertheless, appear. "Fifty thousand guineas!" cries a voice—"cinquante mille guinées;"—in England, articles of luxury, of *virtù*, are generally paid for in guineas. "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband,"—but fifty thousand guineas for one seems a *deal of money*!—"The clock of Smithfield strikes three; a man dressed in black places himself between Sir Richard and Lady Davis, and touches them with his wand." And there they are, as comfortably divorced as any couple in England need wish to be. But who is the fortunate purchaser? Who is he so flush of money? Happily we have caught the rogue who robbed Messrs. Rogers's Bank! No—it is no other than Harry—Harry, from Calcutta. Harry, after having cunningly cleared his lot, gives proof positive to Sir Davis of his wife's innocence:—the Lord Mayor elect, struck with remorse, and vexed, perhaps, at having been overreached in the bargain, exclaims, "Ah!" and falls senseless to the earth in the middle of Smithfield market:—and the curtain dropping,—thus do we leave him, at the end of the fourth act.

The fifth act (following the example of fifth acts, time out of mind) clears up everything to everybody's satisfaction. Harry, from Calcutta, turns out to be Lady Davis's brother: and since a brother, even in England, is not permitted to marry his own sister, though he have bought and honestly paid for her, the bargain is off. The Lord Mayor elect, satisfied of his wife's purity, receives her back to his arms:—and having publicly calumniated and degraded her, he generously resolves to make her a public repARATION. And the time for this is apt:—it is, now, the eve of Lord Mayor's day; and to-morrow, at the show, he will proclaim her innocence and his own error.

The next, and concluding, scene, is short:—occupying but half a printed page for both dialogue and stage directions. But though short, it is good. Like all the rest,—

"Tis English—English, sir, from top to toe.

I will give the descriptive portion exactly as I find it: requesting attention to the circumstance, that a Parisian audience is to be presented with a picture of Lord Mayor's day in London.

At the rising of the curtain, day is seen to break. Two patrols of watchmen (*deux patrouilles de watchmen*) cross each other, and pass the word in a whisper—(cautious Charles!) They go off on opposite sides, crying: "Six o'clock; it is now day" (November!) Flourishes of trumpets and the firing of cannon are heard. Parties of people run about, crying: "Here he is! here he is!" Enter Richard, (at six o'clock of the morning!)—and a foggy morning, too, as one of the characters pathetically complains, and as the scene-painter has ingeniously shown—"enter Richard," (*all afoot*), "in his Lord Mayor's robes, leading Lucy by the hand, and followed by all his family, the Aldermen, and the members of the House of Commons (*les membres de la Chambre des Communes*)."

"At the moment of his entrance"—the author must have heard that her Majesty is an early riser, and he thus adroitly turns his information to account—"at the moment of his entrance, is seen to approach, from the side of London Bridge," (how minutely accurate is the author even as to localities!) "the procession of THE QUEEN" (at six o'clock of a foggy November morning!) "preceded by the heralds. As the Queen is about to appear, Richard bows, the people crying:—

Long live the Queen! Long live the new Lord Mayor!"

And thus ends the drama, *en cinq actes et huit tableaux*, called *Le Marché de Londres*.

One word touching the scenery:—which, in point of accuracy, is on a par with the representation of English habits, manners and customs. The streets of London are like the streets of the older parts of

Rouen. The market of London (for in London there is but one), Smithfield, is represented as a vegetable-market; where the venders (not of wives, but of vegetables) are seated beneath capacious *ombrelles*, as in the uncovered markets of French provincial towns. London Bridge might as well be the Bridge of Neuilly, or the Bridge of Sighs, for any resemblance which it bears to the original: while in the peaceful Blackwall Docks (in the city), is shown a merchant-ship with its topsails set, and filled not only with wind but shot-holes!—exactly as the painter may have seen in any marine battle-piece. Even the scene painter seems to have worked with his Parisian spectacles on his nose.

At the amusing ignorance of what he has undertaken to write about—at the blunders and absurdities with which this author has enlivened almost every scene of his drama—every well-informed, intelligent Frenchman must smile, as I have done; but I am sure he will regret, too, that a piece thus grotesquely deformed should be offered to the world as a specimen of LA FRANCE DRAMATIQUE AU DIX-NEUVIÈME SIÈCLE.

August.

Not many years ago, the English passion for sea-bathing was a subject of vast wonder and ridicule in France. Like so many of our much abused or much despised customs, it has been not only adopted, but is pursued by our neighbours with a sort of frenzy. "*Les bains de mer*" are become a necessary of life,—and a subject of all that love of "administration" and management which an Englishman is apt to find so intolerable and absurd in France. All manner of precautions for preserving decorum, and for preserving life, are adopted by *les autorités*. The number of baths is rigorously laid down by the physician, and adhered to with almost superstitious exactness by the patient. "What a fine morning! how gloriously the sea is coming in! You will bathe to-day?" "Oh, non! j'ai pris mes 19 bains." A twentieth is regarded as mortal.

The "costume" is, as might be confidently expected, a vastly different thing from our humble "bathing-dress," which no Englishwoman ever imagined the possibility of investing with "*un air coquet*,"—that air which a Frenchwoman would certainly relinquish for no garment, except her shroud—probably not even for that. The oiled silk cap is cut in a becoming shape, and trimmed with a sort of worsted ribbon, of red or blue,—carefully accommodated, no doubt, to the complexion of the wearer. After all, this philanthropic determination not to be more frightful than the envious Gods, or unfavouring circumstances, render inevitable, is to be regarded with indulgence, if not with gratitude; and it must be admitted that, without it and all the inventions to which it gives birth, the sacred thirst after the beautiful would be a sort of Tantalus torture in Paris.

Not so in many parts of Normandy,—where beauty of the noblest order abounds. Of this, more in its place.

The consequence of this marine mania is a state of the roads and inns, near the coast of Normandy and Picardy, which it is difficult to describe,—and much more difficult to endure. The railroads bring people as far as Rouen and Amiens, without any limit as to number; there, they are turned adrift to get on as they can, or to rest where they can find shelter. A week ago, every hotel in Dieppe and Boulogne—every diligence to or from them—was crowded. Not only the great diligences from Amiens to Boulogne, but every line of subordinate vehicles—every job-carriage—was engaged for days beforehand.

Such being the state of the larger bathing-places, people who wish to escape the crowd are driven to seek out the little nooks along the coast where salt water and quiet may be found. One of these is Etretat,—a fishing village of the humblest kind, about six leagues from Havre. It stands in a small bay; the two horns of which are very lofty calcareous cliffs, excavated by the sea, so as to form gigantic flying buttresses. Under these you may walk at low tide, and through these the sea beats at high tide. The beach is a heavy shingle,—tolsonne enough to walk on. The views from the cliffs are fine. The inhabitants are nearly all fishermen,—robust and handsome. Loitering down on the beach, I was soon surrounded and joined by a prodigious troop of fine children,—some very handsome, some stumpy

and wild as young Northmen,—all very well disposed to be sociable.

One of the prettiest and most picturesque "Beach scenes" I ever saw in my life was at Etretat. On the left hand of the beach was a numerous bevy of women, dressed in the gay colours—the scarlet, the blue, and the green (set off by snow-white sleeves and caps)—which the colourless inhabitants of cities instinctively abandon for neutral colours,—standing, kneeling, stooping, in every variety of attitude. Vast heaps of linen were lying about. They appeared to be washing,—but in what?—the sea? To clear up the mystery, I went up to them. The retreating tide had left exposed the channel of an exquisitely transparent brook, which flowed, like silver, through the clear and bright shingle. In this they were washing,—beating,—scrubbing—after the merciless manner of Frenchwomen; and, at the same time, talking, laughing, singing. It was a scene of perpetual movement,—perpetual shifting of lights and colours. The sun was brilliant,—the sky blue and unclouded. The back-ground to all this sparkling mass of colour and motion was the deep blue sea, and the huge white buttresses with their feet reaching out into the waves,—and again the blue sky seen under their gigantic arches. No wonder that Joseph Vernet came to paint at Etretat!

This is, however, all. There are no comforts. There is only one hotel, and that not good. Such as it is, it was choke full; and we were indebted for our *gîte* to a worthy douanier and his wife. They were civil, well-bred, and clean—people with whom it is possible to live without physical or moral disgust; which is, I think, a great deal to say.

The master of the hotel is one of the grandest specimens of the human frame I ever beheld; worthy to be a Norman—worthy to be Robert Guiscard, so far as the outer man goes: the inner, too, for aught I know.

Etretat is in a deep valley. The plateau from which you descend, and to which you reascend, has the same general character as in other parts. I remarked, however, that the farmhouses or homesteads were enclosed within a sort of embankment or mound of turf, which looked like a fortification. On this, are planted the trees which surround the dwelling, and shelter it from the winds;—an arrangement which marks the colder and more exposed nature of this part of the Pays de Caux. It is an excellent defence, and gives a great air of snugness to the dwellings. Towards Dieppe, I saw no more of it.

In the drive between Etretat and Fécamp, we remarked an extraordinary number of handsome women—large, broad-chested, finely proportioned,—in short, *women*—not what the Duc de St. Simon calls "*des quarts de femme*." Some of them are almost equal to the noble creatures about Rome; but the chesnut hair and clear open blue eye and florid complexion tell their northern descent. With these, they have an air sedate and intelligent and civilized—a sort of dignity which has nothing of the savage, and is perfectly natural. The Parisians are fond of turning up their noses at "*les grosses Normandes*." I confess, so remarkable a physical degeneracy of race as that which strikes one in Paris—so remarkable a want of adaptation to the great functions, and, therefore, the great duties and great affections which constitute the real life of woman, does not seem to me a subject of triumph, but rather the contrary.

But there is no end to the contempt of Paris for the provinces,—and no end to the submission and humility with which the provinces receive it. The most sensible, well-informed provincial is cowed by any ignorant coxcomb who helps to furnish the trash which, under the name of "*feuilleton*," fills half the newspapers. This, however, will not last for ever. Representative government has had, at least, the good effect of inspiring the provinces with some faint beginnings of an independent existence. In time, they will venture to say their soul is their own,—and will not believe that all the wit and sense of France are centred in Paris. The departmental councils, in which many matters of local interest are discussed and settled, are excellent schools for training the provinces to think and act for themselves.

Fécamp is a disagreeable-looking little town; with a noble church, and the most comfortable, tidy, well-managed inn I saw in Normandy. Such "happy

accidents" are generally resolvable into a clever housewife; and this is, I am convinced, "*le mot de l'énigme*" at the Grand Cerf. (Mr. Murray does not mention it,—but he is wrong.) The valley of Carry, halfway between Fécamp and St. Valéry, is one of the greenest and loveliest I ever saw,—watered by an abundant trout stream, and having its sides clothed with the fine woods of the Duc de Luxembourg (Montmorency), whose chateau adorns the head of the valley. This, one of the remaining great properties of France, is now divided between two sons and two daughters,—together with their large estates in other parts of the country.

St. Valéry-en-Caux is rising into some importance as a port and a bathing-place. The Chamber has this year granted some money for enlarging the port;—a circumstance which has, of course, had a great effect in producing in the inhabitants a general conviction of the excellence of the government. There are a sprinkling of quiet bathers—none of the fashionable, or *lionne*, class; baths, from which you run into the sea; a small reading-room (an indispensable part of an *établissement de bains de mer*); a jetty; a shingly, black-looking beach; chalk cliffs; pretty country near at hand; living (as eating is generally called) very fair and very cheap; and an innkeeper a remarkable and interesting personage. Père Anthon is an old soldier—who served eighteen years during the botom of Napoleon's campaigns—was at Wagram, at Culm, at I know not how many butcheries—was one of 1,200 who went into a prison at Carthagen, and of 500 who, at the end of three years, were all that remained to leave it. In relating this part of his adventures, Père Anthon never fails to mention that the English soldiers gave him a clean shirt and a "*pantalon*,"—luxuries to which he had for years been a stranger. This friendly act seems to have left a strong impression on his mind. Père Anthon presides at his *table d'hôte* in his blouse,—but with a great deal of quiet politeness and homely dignity. His manners must needs be good, since he is capable of such refinement of feeling as the following:—I heard him say, in reply to a lady (whose remark I did not hear), "*Madame, je ne tutoie jamais personne. J'ai tutoié quelques uns pauvres diables, mais j'en ai toujours eu du regret après.*" I raised my eyes to the rough gentleman with respectful admiration. How few people are capable of self-reproach for so slight a wound possibly inflicted on the self-love of another! Père Anthon's probity is said to be as delicate as his politeness. With all this, he cannot read or write. "I should, probably, have been much better, or much worse, if I had had education," said he to me; "but, as it is, I do not complain of my lot."—I spoke with the disgust I always felt and profess of war. He replied, "*un honnête homme* may always fight the enemies of his country: "*Quand je voyais que l'on commençait à piller, je me retirais.*"

It is in contemplating such noble and kindly natures as this, that one feels how deadly a crime it is to pervert the mind of a nation,—to turn the holy sentiment of love of country into a weapon of offence against mankind. "*Les ennemis du pays*," how long is this bloody fiction to make the most generous hearts deem it a duty to hate and injure those whom their instinct would lead them to befriend? It is curious to observe the conflict between kindness to individual Englishmen, and hatred to the English. The former is spontaneous, the latter instilled—with lamentable success, it is true.

Between St. Valéry and Dieppe lie two of the prettiest of the pretty valleys of this region. I could not catch the name of the first—Bourdon, or something like that; but every traveller who has eyes must have been struck with the picturesque situation of the fine church and the charming grouping of the village. On the left, is a handsome, old-fashioned, red brick house,—something between farm-house and chateau; with a beautiful garden in front, noble trees sheltering it from the sea, and a bright trout stream gushing through the freshest vegetation. I have seldom seen a more tempting spot. Honville, a little further on, is equally beautiful, and equally calls forth the exclamation,—"What a charming place to pass a summer in!" But here all such ejaculations end—here you may bid farewell to beautiful and glorious Normandy.

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wally take leave of Normandy and enter Picardy. The last village on the road between St. Valéry and Dieppe is Honville. The first between Dieppe and Ea is as dirty and wretched as any between Calais and Paris. When people attempt to account for differences in national character by the great general causes so often assigned—climate, religion, form of government, &c.—do they ever ask themselves to explain such phenomena as these,—which are not the less curious for being exhibited on a small scale?

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The sixteenth Meeting of the British Association, which is to be held at Southampton, on the 10th of September, under the Presidency of Sir Roderick Murchison, is likely, we understand, to be strong and effective. Herschel, Faraday, Owen, Richardson, Horner, Willis, and Porter, will preside respectively over the Sections of Physics, Chemistry and Agriculture, Physiology, Natural History, Geology, Mechanical Science, and Statistics. The attendance of distinguished foreigners will be not less remarkable than at the last meeting at Cambridge. M. Dumas and Professor Schönbein have announced their intention of being present. It is hoped that the geologists of France (who look with much interest to our fine coast-sections of the Isle of Wight) will be led by M. Elie de Beaumont, the President of the Institute. Oersted and Forchhammer are coming from Denmark; Nilsson, Retzius, and Schwanberg from Sweden; Middendorf, the Siberian traveller, Matteucci, the physiologist, from Modena; and, probably, the Imperial Astronomer, Struve, from St. Petersburg.

We observe, in the votes of the Commons on Thursday, that Mr. Protheroe has given notice of his intention to call the attention of the House to the state of the Record Repositories, in respect of danger from fire; and to move that "no further delay shall take place in the erection of a suitable Record Repository, pursuant to the Act for keeping the Public Records, passed in 1858." As we have said over and over again, this question needs immediate settlement,—and it is to be hoped that the Government will be prepared to give a satisfactory decision. There is now, we believe, no doubt, that the New Houses of Parliament would not afford a sufficient amount of residuary space, after providing for Parliamentary wants, to accommodate the Public Records.

A subscription has been set on foot in the City, for the purpose of testifying the public sense entertained of the services rendered by Mr. Richard Lambert Jones in the vast improvements of its thoroughfares and buildings. The report of a Committee appointed to consider on the best mode of appropriating the money raised, has submitted three propositions for the consideration of the subscribers,—not, as we understand them, as alternatives, but for adoption jointly:—to erect a marble bust or pedestal, either in the Mansion-house, the Guildhall, or the Royal Exchange;—to have a medal executed by Mr. Wyon, R.A., having on one side a portrait of Mr. Jones, and on the other a suitable inscription; one copy of such medal, in gold, to be presented to Mr. Jones, one copy, in silver, to the Lord Mayor, and each subscriber to be allowed to obtain a copy in bronze; the impression to be limited;—and to found a scholarship in connexion with one of the schools in the city, to be called "The Jones Scholarship,"—leaving the nomination of the school to Mr. Jones. The report has been carried, with no difference of opinion,—save, on the part of some of the subscribers, as to the substitution of a bust for the portrait.

English fiction has lost one of its most graceful writers in Mr. Robert Plumer Ward,—perhaps more widely known as the author of 'Tremaine,'—who died, the other day, at the advanced age of eighty-two. We suspect that he would himself have preferred another epithet, and rested his claims to distinction on his philosophical tendencies, religious and political. But the force or depth of these we cannot admit, however we admire the transparent grace of his style, the richness of his colouring as a descriptive artist, and the admirable delicacy of his female characters. As novels, 'Tremaine,' 'De Vere,' and 'De Clifford,' with their less important kindred, are all more or less tedious;—but they have episodes and single characters which deserve to live,—and will, we think, meet their deserts. Mr. Ward was, also,

the author of an historical work or two, if we mistake not,—less striking, after their kind, than his novels; and held office, for five-and-twenty years successively, under Mr. Pitt, Mr. Percival, and Lord Liverpool.—We may add to this obituary paragraph the name of Mr. Bucke—long connected with periodical literature, and author of a work on 'The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature,'—which went, we believe, through several editions.

Among the victims to the storm by which the metropolis and its neighbourhood were recently visited, no bodies of men have suffered so severely as the florists and nurserymen. The entire fortunes of some of these have been prostrated by the hail. In the neighbourhood of Stockwell, Clapham, and Brixton alone, the losses sustained by those engaged in horticultural trade are said to reach no less a sum than 18,000*l*. A meeting has been held for the purpose of alleviating the distress amongst these artists—as they may almost be called—and a subscription determined on.

One of the most extraordinary of modern projects in connexion with railway communication,—to which we have more than once adverted in the columns of the *Athenæum*—the tunnel bridge over the Menai Straits, is at length about to receive its execution; having stood successfully the tests to which its principle has been submitted. A model tube was constructed, with this view, by Mr. Fairbairn, one sixth of the actual size, and having all the dimensions in due proportion; and the experiments with this are reported on as follows by Mr. Shepherd, the engineer:—"In the former preliminary experiments, I was led to the conclusion that great care would be required to prevent the upper side of the tube from crushing,—that, in short, the main object to be aimed at was to give the top of the tube the requisite stiffness. In this respect, the result obtained from the model has been highly satisfactory; and, being upon so large a scale, may be deemed perfectly conclusive upon several important points. The dimensions of the tube were as follows:—Length, 75 ft. between the supporters; depth, 4 ft. 6 in.; width, 2 ft. 6 in. The total weight a little above five tons. When progressively loaded, the mean deflection was about one-tenth of an inch per ton; and with a load of thirty-five tons suspended in the middle, it gave way on the under side,—the upper part not having exhibited the least sign of failure up to the moment of fracture. Hence, therefore, we have arrived at a most interesting result; viz., that the liability of the plates on the upper side to crush has been completely removed from the construction in compartments. The experiments having now furnished us with the necessary means of calculating the relative thickness and proportions of the several parts of the tube, we are in a condition to contract at once for their construction."—Accordingly, the doubts having been dispersed which had given rise to a rumour that the enterprise was abandoned, the masonry of the bridge and the manufacture of plates are progressing;—workmen are preparing the ground on the shores of the Menai for the foundation of the piers;—and it is rumoured that the first stone will be very shortly laid.

Arrangements have been made for the opening of the new college at Perth in the next spring. The portion of the building contracted for is nearly completed; and the foundation-stone of the chapel is to be laid, with masonic honours, in the course of next month.

There is a report in the American papers, which is sufficiently circumstantial to look authentic, that Mr. Van Amburgh, the celebrated beast-tamer, has fulfilled the fate which could not but be anticipated for him,—perishing, under frightful circumstances, by an attack from one of his own lions.

Letters from Chamouni add the names of Mr. Wolley, of Beeston, in Nottinghamshire, and Mr. James Hurt, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, to those of the travellers who have succeeded in reaching the crest of Mont Blanc.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in Paris has awarded its annual (Gobert) prize of 9000*fr*. to M. Aurélien de Courson for his work entitled:—*Histoire des Peuples Britons dans la Gaule et dans les Îles Britanniques*. Its second prize of 1000*fr*. M. Alexis Monteil continues to hold against the world, by virtue of his *Histoire des Français des divers états*.

—The papers of the same capital report the death of the Baron de Damoiseau,—which creates a vacancy in the Astronomical Section of the Academy of Sciences.

At Vienna, the Emperor, it is stated, has decided on the creation of a high court of censorship like that of Prussia—as a tribunal of appeal from the decisions of the various censors: and it is further asserted that a similar institution is intended in all the German States, for the protection of the writer against the arbitrary doings of those magistrates—the latter having become so fastidious that their scruples frequently suppress publications which the Government itself desires to encourage.

The Academy of Science at Frankfurt has held a meeting for the purpose of collecting all particulars relating to the earthquake of the 29th ult.,—proposing to publish a detailed report on the subject. This motion had a horizontal direction, from north to west; and was composed of two shocks, each of several seconds' duration. The second of these was the most violent—the first was accompanied by a rumbling sound like that of a heavy waggon. The sensibility to the shock was observed to be in the direct ratio of the elevation from the ground; and the usual phenomenon of the sudden disappearance of wells, in the path of such visitations, accompanied this.

The Spirit of gambling is falling into universal discredit among the European states;—and, chased from station to station whereon he had sought "rest for the sole of his foot," will probably have to "double," and return back to the country from whence he was first driven out. Baden, which gave him a city of refuge when Paris expelled him, is about to thrust him forth:—and the other German States threaten to shut their several doors against the fugitive,—just at the moment when England shows signs of relenting. The lottery system, hunted from most of its continental homes, is mercifully let in again amongst ourselves, by the door of the Art-Union.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Elector Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by the late Chevalier Renoux. Open from 10 till 6. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1*s*; Stalls, 2*s*. as heretofore.

INVENTORS and DEPOSITORS of WORKING MODELS and of other Specimens of the Useful Arts (as well as the Visitors of the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION) are respectfully informed that the Directors have given their anxious consideration to the new appointment of DEMONSTRATOR in MECHANICS, whose duty will be to explain to the Visitors the Principles and Uses of the above Specimens with clearness and simplicity. The Lectures now comprise the ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, as well as other objects of present interest. The beautiful Optical Instruments, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*s*; Schools, Half-price.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
TUES. Zoological Society, half-past 8.—Scientific Business.

FINE ARTS

ART-UNION EXHIBITION.

On Saturday last, were exhibited, at the Gallery in Suffolk-street, the pictures chosen by the prizeholders of the Art-Union of London. The collection consists of 258 pictures;—of which 194 are in oil, and 64 in water-colours. If it be true, as was said by Madame Guibert, that "le plus grand art d'un habile homme est de cacher son habileté," almost all these works display consummate Art. The exceptions are, indeed, so few in number as to form a striking commentary on the value of Mr. Wyse's Bill. If 'The Fainting of Hero,' by Mr. Elmore,—'The Evening Scene,' by Mr. Frank Stone,—'The Dawn of Morning,' by Mr. Danby,—'The Altar of the Church of St. Antoine, Ghent,' by Mr. Roberts,—'The Woodland Ferry,' by Mr. J. R. Lee,—and two or three more,—on all of which we have commented in previous numbers,—were removed, the gallery would exhibit a uniformity of merit that must tend greatly to allay those feelings of envy with which the 10*l*. prizeholders may, during the past months, have been regarding those who had the disposal of larger sums. The Committee of the Art-Union professes to afford education to the public in matters pertaining to the Fine Arts,—and the public is in want of it. If a careful abstinence from all undue forcing of the intellect,—a vigilance in preventing precocity,—a horror of what may be called hothouse cultivation—constitute good instruction, the Committee is entitled to the highest praise. A time,

however, will come when maturity should be the term properly applicable to that amount of public taste and intelligence which at present would be styled precocity. Will the public, then, consent to receive that instruction which shuts out the performances of Landseer, Etty, Mulready, Macleise, Eastlake, Cope? Will it be content with only eight works by men of real eminence? Or does the Committee contemplate, then, closing its labours and its subscription lists? Either the system is a bad one, or the public must improve. If the public improves, it will want enjoyment,—not education. The exhibition of Saturday last may be negatively an excellent instrument of education,—but a public out of pinafors and primers would scarcely feel satisfied with it.

THE NEW COUNCIL OFFICE AT WHITEHALL.

It happens, somewhat singularly, that, of all the government offices, the one which least needed architectural improvement, as regarded external appearance, has been the first to obtain it. This is yet more remarkable inasmuch as, owing to the recentness and soundness of its construction, the edifice did not stand in need even of repair. The necessity, however, for obtaining increased accommodation by means of an additional story, and for completing the whole exterior of the Treasury buildings, has occasioned the architectural transformation which we now behold. The unlucky spell which has hitherto hung over our public works of this class, seems to be at length broken. Divesting Pope's line of its injurious irony as applied to a very different architect, we may say:

See, under Barry, rise a new Whitehall!

for this architectural erection, so palatial in its aspect, throws Jones's 'Banqueting House,' on the opposite side of the street, into shade. This, at least, it will do, when the North Pavilion (which is to be begun almost immediately) shall be erected; because Mr. Barry's façade will then be so extended that the two structures will nearly confront each other. Direct comparison will, thus, be inevitable.

One blemish in the appearance of the Whitehall, is the mean appearance of the south end of the building,—which should, surely, have been faced with stone when the two fronts underwent a thorough repair some few years ago. As it was not done then, it ought to be done now; and it would not be amiss if the rusticated masonry were continued uniformly throughout the basement,—thereby getting rid of the present blanks, which are not only useless, but the reverse of ornamental. They even destroy that air of dignity which a solid *terrazzo*, or basement, would impart to the whole structure—the more desirable that it can so very seldom be obtained.—We have stepped over,—not, we hope, out of—the way, in these last remarks; because we think that the admiration so generally expressed by Jones's matricee would be best exhibited in now finishing up every visible portion of the exterior. The effect of the front itself would be astonishingly improved thereby.—Mr. Barry, at any rate, is fully impressed with the importance of having a building consistent throughout. He does not stop short and break off at a corner; but, in the building to which these remarks have more particular reference, has finished up the attic of the pavilion at the south end all around—though on the west side it shows itself only over the tops of the adjoining buildings. In fact, everything has been done on a liberal scale—handsomely, in more than one meaning of the word,—and in a manner contrasting forcibly with the penuriousness that has mixed up base metal in so much of the architecture for which the public pays.

Soane's design had in it nothing ornamental save the mere order itself; instead of being accommodated to which, the other features were almost *different* in style,—having as little of rich Roman-Corinthianism in them as could well be. Almost the sole effective point was the advanced insulated columns in the end pavilion; but even these convicted the architect of absurdity,—inasmuch as he had allowed it to be seen that there were small mezzanine windows behind their entablature. This, therefore, so far from being a portion of the structure, was of no other service than to obstruct light where it was wanted,—at least a glimmering of it by some contrivance or other; and a curious contrivance the one resorted to was, because the same purpose might

have been better accomplished without letting the "make-shift" be seen.—It may be said, perhaps, that, though Mr. Barry was obliged to raise the order to the level of the first floor, he would have done well so far to have adhered to Soane's idea as to retain the insulated columns. But this, had he been so disposed, was impracticable; because, owing to some strange oversight in first laying out the line of front, the north pavilion would, in that case, have advanced considerably upon the foot pavement—as we suspect it will, in some degree, even now. Perhaps it is as well that advanced hexastyles at the extremities could not be retained: for columniation, *per se*,—and as mere decoration, instead of as forming an upper loggia,—would be rather a jarring element in a composition which is strongly marked by fenestration; the order being avowedly employed not for any sort of colonnading, but as embellishment,—and, therefore, though important and impressive in the last-mentioned respect, secondary to fenestration as regards the structure itself. It is better that the two elements should be completely combined, than kept distinct while brought together by juxtaposition. Mr. Barry has, besides,—or will have,—given decided expression to the extremities of his façade by the Attic order there introduced; which portions of the design not only contribute to dignity in the general mass by increased loftiness at those points, but enhance the richness of all the rest. These portions are happy and original,—luxuriant shoots growing out of the rest; whereas, as commonly treated, such addition to an order is apt to exhibit a falling-off from its character, and betray only meagreness and feebleness of manner,—especially in works of the Palladian school.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Barry is not of that school,—nor of any other in particular; being ambitious rather of giving us choice *Italianism*, without regard to exact precedent for each idea. There is something both new and excellent in the enriched frieze which he has introduced—for the first time, we believe—beneath the cornice of the attic; thereby giving a bolder, as well as more ornamental, finish to that superstructure. The pendant festoons on the faces of the attic pilasters, and the vase-shaped pyramids on the pedestals of the balustrade—of which those at the angles are larger and loftier than the others,—all tend to produce luxuriance. The principal order itself, too, has received further enrichment;—the frieze, which was before quite plain, being now embossed with carved work. The whole is an example of a highly florid, yet refined, Italian style,—in which every piece of detail is finished up: and, notwithstanding the multiplicity of parts, they are so carefully studied as to produce a perfectly homogeneous *ensemble*, without discord or confusion. There might, advantageously, perhaps, have been somewhat more of variety thrown into the composition, by making some little distinction between the first floor windows of the end pavilions—at least, the centre one there—and the others on the same line; as there will be not fewer than twenty-three windows on a floor which will now be all alike, throughout.—Mr. Barry's façade will, we hope, satisfy all, save those ultra-Grecianists, who hold the best Italian to be only debased Greek. Debased it may be,—but then, it is so after the manner in which the language of Ariosto is debased Latin.

FINE ART GOSPEL.—On Wednesday, the annual meeting for the distribution of prizes took place at the School of Design, in Somerset House.—Bellenden Ker, Esq., presiding. Speeches were made by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Ker, Mr. Etty, R.A., and Mr. Hamilton; but the main incident of the occasion—exclusive of the direct object of the meeting—was a speech from Mr. Hawes, M.P. We are unable, at present, to go into his views on this interesting matter; but may remark that their scope extended far beyond the present operations of the School. There was also a preliminary meeting, for the presentation of a very elegant vase—the *design* and *workmanship* of the students—as a mark of respect to the director, Mr. Wilson;—and that gentlemen read an address of thanks in return. Mr. Harvey—a student who has distinguished himself in carpet-designing—spoke in kind terms of the exertions of the masters. Mr. Townsend, on being called

for, returned thanks for himself and colleagues. To the Exhibition, itself, we shall probably make after-reference;—but must not withhold on this occasion a compliment, suggested by no less an authority than Mr. Etty, to the manifest success of the works of the female pupils.

Mr. Hume's motion that, "With the view of lessening the temptation to drunkenness and immorality, and of promoting thereby the welfare of the working-classes especially, and also of society generally, it is the duty of a Christian legislature to open the British Museum, the National Gallery, and all similar public places calculated to afford innocent and instructive recreation, for the reception of visitors on Sundays and on holidays, at such hours after morning service as gin-shops and public-houses are open,"—has undergone a discussion in the House of Commons: and been withdrawn—not because of any objection on the part of Ministers to its principle, which has made visible advance—but merely on their suggestion that the matter would be best left in the hands of the Trustees.

In consequence of the success of Mr. Dyce's fresco in the House of Lords, we hear that Mr. Macleise, Mr. Cope and Mr. Horsley, have now been officially invited to the execution of their designs for the same important destination.—*En passant*, we may add that the latter artist has been intrusted with a commission for the portrait of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to be placed in the New Houses of Parliament,—as a testimony, we believe, from the Parliamentary Agents.

From Paris, we learn that Malknecht's bronze statue of Parmentier, for the town of Montdidier, has been successfully cast—and is, now, exhibiting in the courtyard of the Invalides, previous to its removal to its place of destination.

At Rouen, the anniversary of the Emperor Napoleon's birth-day was celebrated by the erection of the crowning eagle on the summit of the column destined to commemorate the transshipment, at that place, of the ashes of the conqueror. The monument is, in all respects, nearly finished; and rising, as it does, on the bank of the Seine, and shown against the back-ground of hills which border the river, its effect is said to be imposing.

The Duke of Rutland may, we presume, be considered to have carried his point, in the matter of the Wellington Statue, by a stratagem;—though how he has managed to circumvent Lord Morpeth, if the latter were sincere in his opposition, passes our understanding. Driven from his former arguments—that of the Queen's sanction, by an intimation that Her Majesty has a great distaste to the arrangement—and that of his pledge to the Subscribers, in a body, by a demonstration that as many had subscribed before as after the site was chosen, and by his determination not to take the corrected sense of the latter half on the matter.—His Grace has made a dexterous feint, and, under colour of yielding, actually planted his figure on the arch! The fiction is, that the group is to be placed there for a few weeks only, to enable the tasteful judge of its effect,—and removed if the public verdict be against it. "Possession is nine points of the law"; and the Duke of Rutland having clung so desperately to arguments which were unrealities, will unquestionably keep fast hold of the pedestal in question when he gets it. It was surely a less difficult exploit to *keep* the sculpture off the arch, than to *get* it off when once there;—and, seeing how signally we have failed in the easier attempt, we have no hope of the more arduous one. By some parties, we feel satisfied the statue is not meant again to descend from its arch-pedestal. Had the object merely been to exhibit the combination experimentally, why, as a correspondent suggests, might not the *model* from which the group has been cast have served the purpose? It could have done the duty—and was readily "removable at pleasure."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Israel in Egypt. By G. F. Handel. Printed for the Members of the Handel Society.

We gave great offence some years ago, on the foundation of the *Handel Society*, by calling attention to Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's well-known disposition to publish a complete edition of the works of the

ascertain who in furtherance words and v for the bare would interest the lot of the importance intelligible an indeed, we could not sec itself,—if not nonsense?—V make of the le nothing in its scripion list languishing s ing been intr deprived the completeness on the magn under the ed an admission interest super could claim, of our recom Every man of editor, not —but after so Mendelssohn enough,—an inaccuracy of te was left in sim, &c, now position may notes to direct 'Israel' as Ha to that absurd Ancients, igno plete score, pr pianoforte acc nes for the need not point still in that But he is hon responsibilities score," and persons have marking featu 'Israel' is the is essential to an organ acchness and Octavios.—W organist may well-known di take the them a fugue upo Editor points "the addition applied—for t ch and c structed perso the habitual si fmanes of the named to m 'Messiah.' The performer and pected to be, hand. Any c "The people th put here addi that a family Vance betwixt such was thoi fied for the t So much for of eminence task by a grea At the only li organ player, of the music well as a comp mter for spe chivalries. Th with which H filled in this October, comp ber. But Har thought and s

ascertain whether his assistance might not be secured in furtherance of their interesting purpose. Hard words and vulgar epithets were discharged against us, for the bare suggestion, as though we had some personal interest in the matter;—but this will be always the lot of those who would put an end to the self-importance of inferior persons, by proposing an intelligible and consistent line of operation. Where, indeed, would the dignity of some among us be, if it could not secure its own hour on the tub, and delight itself—if not its neighbours,—by proclaiming its ignorance?—We recall this circumstance merely for the sake of the lesson now furnished by the sequel. With nothing in its Prospectus to inspire confidence, the subscription list of the *Handel Society* has remained in a languishing state. The fact of each publication having been entrusted to a different nursing-father has deprived the edition of anything like symmetry or completeness;—while the stress laid by the Council on the magnificent volume before us, brought out under the editorship of Dr. Mendelssohn, is, in itself an admission that it possesses an attractiveness and interest superior to those which any former issue could claim, and a tacit acquiescence in the wisdom of our recommendation.

Every man who can think, will perform his task of editor, not according to caprice,—still less, chance,—but after some theory capable of extension. Dr. Mendelssohn's, though open to discussion, is intelligible enough,—and consistently carried out. Aware of the inaccuracy of ancient scores,—aware how the conductor was left in charge of those markings of expression, &c., now printed in such superfluity that a composition may almost contain as many directions as notes to direct—he has given the original score of 'Israel' as Handel left it: not, however, with an eye to that absurd monotony of execution which certain Ancients, ignorant of tradition, sticking to the incomplete score, presume to be Handelian. His compressed pianoforte accompaniment contains ample notifications for the guidance of any conductor,—and we need not point out, from Dr. Mendelssohn's known skill in that capacity, how valuable these must be. But he is honourably anxious to define his own responsibilities,—saying, as it were, "Thus I read the score," and not as more arrogant and ignorant persons have done, "This is the score!" Another striking feature in Dr. Mendelssohn's edition of 'Israel' is the organ part. Something of the kind is essential to the effect of Handel's music, whose own organ accompaniments, doubtless, added great richness and interest to the performance of his *Ostentatos*.—What was generally expected of the organist may, indeed, be gathered from Handel's well-known direction in the Cecilian Ode:—"Here take the theme of the foregoing chorus and execute a fugue upon it!" Rightly treated,—as our Editor points out,—the organ stands in the stead of "the additional wind instruments" which are now applied,—for better for worse, and for worst—to every choral and chorus by all manner of deficiently-instructed persons. It was, possibly, to make up for the habitual silence of the organ in the German performances of Handel's music, that Mozart was persuaded to make his additions to the score of the 'Messiah.' These are precisely what a well-instructed performer and thinker, such as the organist was expected to be, would have brought out from his keyboard. Any one comparing the wind-parts added to 'The people that walked in darkness' with the organ part here added to 'The Lord is my strength,' will find a family likeness—such as proves no resemblance between Mozart and Mendelssohn, but that each was thoroughly familiar with his author, and fitted for the task.

So much for the manner of editorship,—the amount of conscience and of individuality brought to his task by a great, as distinguished from a small, man! As the only living great composer who is also a great organ player, Dr. Mendelssohn, is the fittest Editor of the music of one who was an organ player as well as a composer. But his Preface contains much matter for speculation, which the MS. score itself furnishes. The strong rapidity,—not "hot haste"—with which Handel worked is marvellously exemplified in this same 'Israel,'—begun on the first of October, completely finished on the first of November. But Handel's greatness at once implied afterthought and self-disregard—two exceptions at oppo-

site extremes; either of which (so pedants have preached) destroys the reality of greatness. Greatness "is simple in its operation" say some. "It must be self-asserting!" cry others (those, N.B., crying the loudest who have more self-assertion than greatness!) A glance at Handel's *penitenti* in this one 'Israel' will excite surprise. In the Grand Chorus, 'The people shall hear and be afraid,' that wonderful descriptive passage, "All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away,"—which not only forms the most interesting feature of the composition, but would absolutely have been conceived as essential by way of contrast to the subsequent passages, "They shall be as still as a stone," and "Till thy people pass over,"—proves to have been interpolated after the movement was complete. We recommend a fact like this to all painful critics of the German school, who, in their zeal to reconcile, classify, and exalt their own acumen, discourse as if a man of genius could neither sneeze nor drop a blot on his MS. "without a stratagem."

Another truth, more difficult of digestion to ourselves, we honestly confess, is illustrated in Handel's score of 'Israel.' It is clearly pointed out, by his own hand, that he permitted sundry interpolations to exhibit the Signora Francesina's vocal powers, and these not merely of sacred songs from other oratorios, but opera music from his Italian compositions! On this strange precedent, we presume, have certain pickers and patchers acted, if their deeds have been anything save an affair of their own egotism. Yet, curious as it is to see a great composer like Handel consenting to measures *ad captandum* which altered the proportions of his work, the example proves nothing, save the wilfulness of a *prima donna* and the impatience of the public—neither of which required proof. As we have perpetually pointed out, while dealing with those who add additional accompaniments, &c. &c., he only is justified in touching Handel, to fill up or to interpolate, who has some analogous greatness or genius to plead in explanation. The conceit of amateurs, the audacity of quacks, has destroyed many an old picture, under pretence of cleaning, restoration, and the like;—there has been no want, moreover, of *Brachetones*, ready to show forth their own irreverence at the bidding of Prudery, and to associate themselves with the *Michael-Angelos* of Art by irremediably spoiling their works! Happily, in Music, the worst tamperers produce mischief which is more transient,—but their principle of action is no less unsound than that of the scarifiers and daubers referred to. They are bound, we repeat, to prove Handel to "be their own," by some display of power and intelligence as unquestionable as Dr. Mendelssohn has put forth in this one editorial task (not to recall his well-known genius as a composer), ere we can consent to license one of their proceedings! We could add more with regard to one of the most suggestive publications of late laid before us,—but, for the present, the above must suffice.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We might have contented ourselves with merely announcing the close of the Opera season, but for a parting performance of "the brazen band" enlisted in its behalf, so immoderate in length and loudness, that,—for the sake of ourselves as honest chroniclers, and of the Subscribers who may suffer next season, if not kept awake to their own interests, by memory of this,—in defence of the artists, who, whether good or bad, are sadly displaced by the system of wholesale puffery, and of such among the public as may still mistake the same for unthought criticism,—we will offer a retrospect of the facts of the season now, happily, over.

Though the subscription has been raised, the company has been worse than usual. Three first-rate artists are all that have been heard.—Madame Grisi, Signori Mario and Lablache. Madame Castellan and Signor Fornasari can count only but as second-rates. The lady has not improved as an actress,—while her voice is, manifestly, in a state of deterioration. Besides these, we have had Mlle. Sanchioli, a "lady of all work," (whose engagement is curious, when it is recollected that the alleged ground for the dismissal of Madame Persiani was her want of personal attraction!)

Signora Corbari, with a lovely voice, and the whole of her art to learn; and, for *contralto* Signora Giuseppina Brambilla, whose gifts are less excellent, and whose ignorance of her profession is yet greater. No

great composer; and recommending the Council to tenor has appeared to divide the duties of the season with Signor Mario, save Signor Corelli; whose voice has settled a quarter of a tone below the pitch, and whom every executive difficulty,—by leaving it out! We have had, for comic second bass, that useful singer, but unattractive comedian, Signor F. Lablache—for serious second bass, Signor Botelli. Three singers were tried.—Signora Pasini, Signor Castigliano, and Signor Bencich,—none of whom came to a second hearing.

The only operas which have been in the least satisfactory, were those in which Signora Grisi, Signori Mario and Lablache have performed. The 'Nino' of Verdi, it is true, was thrust upon us repeatedly,—whenever the first tenor was tired; but it has not attracted—in part, owing to the inferiority of the cast. 'I Lombardi,' a weaker opera, has been admitted to pass,—thanks to the *prima donna* and *primo tenore*. Neither, however, we apprehend, will be in request for many seasons longer,—since even the composer's 'Ernani,' his best opera, could not be given again. * 'I Puritani,' the second act of 'Lucrezia Borgia,' and 'Anna Bolena,' have been the best performances. 'Semiramide,' 'Norma,' 'Il Matrimonio' and 'Don Giovanni,' have been spoilt owing to the absence of an efficient *contralto* and an efficient *seconda donna*; while Donizetti's 'L'Ajo' was so badly produced as to stand no chance of pleasing, had the work deserved to please.

Now, in so discreditably an inferiority of *corps* for the dearest theatre of Europe, we cannot acquiesce on the often-urged plea that nothing better was to be procured. Since the Opera *troupe* is not to be a Heperian garden of beauties, the Subscribers had a right to expect such ladies as Madame Persiani, Madame Nini-Barbieri, Madame Giuli-Borsi, Madame Tadolini—experienced artists of reputation, in short—to divide first duties with Madame Grisi; as was the case formerly, when Madame Grisi, being younger, needed it less. Again, they had a right to look for such *Adalgisas* as Signora Molteni, Mlle. Nissen, or Signora Parodi!—every artist mentioned having been accessible, on proper conditions. And it is nonsense to point to Signora Giuseppina Brambilla, as the only *contralto* in the market; when, supposing the Brambilla to be no longer welcome to our public,—which we deny,—Madame Albertazzi, an accomplished singer, a beautiful woman, and a better actress, is here—without an engagement!—There is less choice among the tenors, we are aware; but the public was entitled to demand with Signor Mario, either Signor Salvi, Signor Moriani, or Signor Guasco:—in short, a complete company, placing the evening's entertainment beyond the power of being spoilt by the indisposition of any one or two persons.

Nor has the *ballet* been equal to the *ballet* in former years. Neither 'Catinia' for Mlle. Grahm (whom the public will not accept as a first favourite), nor 'Lalla Rookh' for Mlle. Cerito, have pleased. Signor Pugnani's music is grim and unattractive, as compared with the music to 'La Sylphide,' 'Benvenuto,' 'The Gipsy,' 'Giselle,' or Signor Costa's 'Alma.'—The *pas de cinq* was brilliant and interesting; but it is Lenten fare for a whole season. The fillings-up of the *corps* have been avowedly inferior to those of recent years;—as, for instance, when, for second and third class *dansesuses*, we had Madame Guy-Stephan, Mlles. Plunkett and Scheffer.

We are sorry to be tedious: but—our strictures have been no case of incoherent vituperation or prejudice without reason, but the result of a settled conviction that a disposition exists on the part of the management, upon false pretences to give the public the cheapest and meanest article which will be endured—we are bound to "speak by the card." An inferior company, we repeat, has been forced on the Subscribers,—while the orchestra has fallen away from its old perfection. The military band on the stage, whenever employed, has been of a worse quality than that engaged in better seasons,—the chorus allowed to bawl and sing carelessly,—facts which we defy any opera-goer to dispute, and which are mentioned with regret and vexation by every artist and subscriber with whom we have spoken.

The Opera trumpeters will possibly cite, in answer

* Let us here, again, repeat, in present substantiation of our prophecies with regard to Signor Verdi's career, that his four last operas,—'I due Foscari,' 'Giovanni d'Arco,' 'Alzira,' and 'Attila,' have more or less failed in Italy;—the last the most signally.

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Printed by JAMES HOLMES, of No. 4, New Ormond-street, in the county of Middlesex, printer, at his office, No. 4, Took's-court, Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, in the said county; and published by JOHN FRANCIS, of No. 14, Wellington-street North, in the said county, Publisher, at No. 14, in Wellington-street aforesaid; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsvendors.—Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradburn, Edinburgh;—for IRELAND, Messrs. Cumming & Ferguson, Dublin.—Saturday, August 22, 1846.

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